

the Monster Times

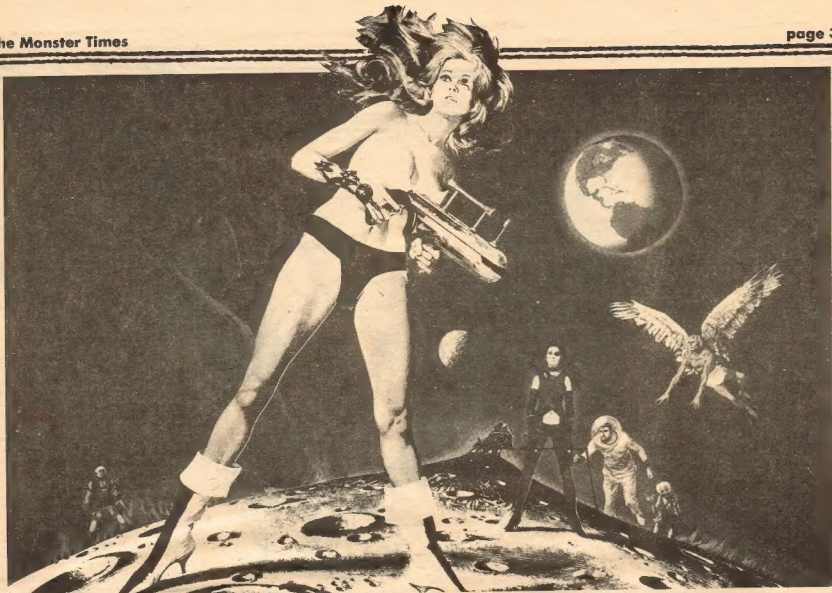


Above, a properly deranged Bigfoot from the ill-fated fright film *SHRIEK OF THE MUTILATED* bids you enter another weirdly winning issue of *THE MONSTER TIMES*. A monstrous mixed-bag affair, this edition of TMT features, among other eerie items, a *BARBARELLA* filmbook, a hard look at the new *ATLAS* comics line, a treatise on *TERROR FILM THEME TAPING* (Creaturdom's latest home hobby craze), a devastating dissertation on the *GREAT KING KONG SOUNDTRACK DISASTER*, a profile of *BUG!*—Bill Castle's newest horror outing—and an interview with *BUG!*'s eminent author, Thomas Page. And speaking of Bigfoot, as we were but a few lines back, TMT welcomes to its pages *NATIONAL LAMPOON* scribe "Big Ted" Man, who chronicles a dedicated adventurer's quest for the elusive *SASQUATCH*, Bigfoot's Canadian Cousin.

And don't forget to check out our exclusive interview with venerable fright film perennial, *LONG JOHN CARRADINE*, plus the premiere of a brand-new TMT fan feature—the *TMT FAN ART EXHIBIT* (see page 15 to find out how you can participate in this intriguing artistic venture).

We'd also like to thank the publishers of *SHARK!* magazine for permission to reprint three thrill-packed pages from the debut issue of that publication. Incidentally, anyone wishing to lay paws on a copy of that sharking magazine should send a dollar to cover cost and handling to *The Monster Times*, Box 595, Old Chaise Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Rather than delay your entry into this issue with further gusts of hot editorial air, we suggest you take Bigfoot's advice and step inside, posthaste.



This artist's conception of Jane Fonda and friends adorned the cover of the **BARBARELLA** soundtrack album. The film, based on Jean-Claude Forest's French comic book of the same name, is not one of Jane's

favorites, but remains nonetheless a superior sci-fi satire that boasted talented sexist Terry Southern as one of its screenwriters.

BARBARELLA

Though Jane Fonda has since renounced the film as an outrageous sexist fantasy, we see **BARBARELLA** as an actionful, entertaining sci-fi satire that doesn't take itself too seriously. And while the film—adapted by director Roger Vadim (Ms. Fonda's husband at the time) from Jean Claude Forest's comic book of the same name—does take a decidedly sexist view of its innocent but oddly efficient heroine, it's still superior to the majority of space operas in most cinematic departments. So, with all due respect to Jane, we gave scare scholar Jason Thomas the go-ahead to extend the royal TMT filmbook treatment to that sexy space siren.



BY JASON THOMAS

It was the 41st century, and things were looking pretty good for mankind until a scientist named Durand-Durand disappeared. This occurrence made the President of United Earth contact Barbarella, our Swinging Siren of Space.

In this era, the universe was relatively peaceful. Humans everywhere were intensely concerned with the free pursuit of pleasure, and this kept them out of trouble. Like most worlds, Earth had no

armed forces. That was why Barbarella, an astronaut, was dispatched to find the missing scientist. "After all," commented the President, "there's only my hand, and I can't be expected to send them."

While our heroine was amusing herself in the zero gravity chamber of her orbiting spaceship, the President contacted her. He told the gorgeous woman that Durand-Durand was important to the security of the universe because he knew the secret of the Postitronic Ray—the ultimate weapon. Soon afterward, Barbarella was winging her way to the planet Lythion. The trip was extremely serene, and the space lady slept through the whole thing. The ship's talking computer awoke her when the spacecraft neared the planet, and that's when the action began. As soon as the rocket entered the atmosphere of Lythion, it was buffeted by a magnetic space storm. Eerie, magnificently colored lights swirled around the craft, sending it into a power-dive toward the planet's surface. Barbarella was helpless, and the ship crashed into an ice floe.

Eventually, Barbarella recovered; her rocket, however, was wrecked. Leaving the safety of the vehicle, she was soon confronted by a couple of innocent-looking, twin girls. The youngsters mounted a futuristic sleigh and took the Earthling to a secluded building located some distance away from the crash site. Other children were there, and as soon as Barbarella entered the structure she was tied up by the little monsters. At first, she played along with them. Then they brought out their robot dolls—the ones with the razor sharp teeth.

Barbarella got quite upset when the twins manipulated the controls, causing the metal "toys" to begin biting her to death. She kicked at the things as much as she could, but her efforts were futile. In less than a minute, her clothes were in

shreds. Just before she fainted from the pain and loss of blood, she saw the happily grinning faces of her tormentors.

In the nick of time, a bearded hunter named Mark Hand rescued the Earthling by dropping a net over the nasty children. She was very grateful, and repaid him in her own humble way. Later on, he informed her that Durand-Durand was being held in Sogo, the wickedest city on the planet. The woman understood him because of the Tongue Box—an automaton

translating device—that she wore on her left wrist. After they repaired Barbarella's rocket, she changed her torn outfit and bid goodbye to her rescuer. She then blasted off for the Sodom/Gomorrah of Lythion.

Not far from the metropolis, the spaceship was attacked by an enemy patrol ship, resulting in another crash landing, but our heroine again emerged unhurt. Looking around at the eerie landscape, Barbarella realized that she



Didano (David Hemmings), leader of Sogo's revolutionary underground, harbors fugitive Barbarella as he plots the violent overthrow of the Black Queen's evil regime.

was in a very strange place. This outdoor maze was known as the Labyrinth, and all who lived here were doomed to slow absorption into the terrain. The residents had been exiled to this dread locale because of various offenses to the decadent Queen of Sogo. There were many tortured souls here, and not one of them looked completely human. Indeed, many of them were quite hideous. Some were already part of the Labyrinth walls, while others were still able to walk around. It was truly an awful place.

Not long after her arrival, Barbarella was befriended by Professor Ping, who offered to repair her battered ship. The peculiar, arch-chewing scientist told the Earthling many things about Lythion—particularly Sogo—as he set about his work. Barbarella was amazed at his incredible tales, especially when he pointed to a beautiful enclosed structure in the distance and stated, "There is the City of Sogo. Within those walls, a new sin is invented every hour."

As Ping spoke, a magnificent winged being approached the pair. This was "Pygar," the old professor announced. "The Black Queen of Sogo blinded him, and since then he hasn't been able to fly. He is the last of the orionithanthes—an angel, in other words."

While Barbarella and Pygar were conversing, a Black Guard appeared, intent upon capturing the Earth woman. Desperately, she tried to employ her hand raygun to eliminate the threat. The interloper was faster, though, and used its whip to disarm her. Weaponless, Barbarella cried out for Pygar to help her. Verbally, she directed the winged being over to the fallen raygun and told him where to aim it. On her command, he squeezed the trigger and disposed of the creature, who flew apart as the destructive beam hit it. Barbarella was astounded to learn that these agents of the Black Queen were nothing more than man-sized leather shells—there was nothing inside them. They were held together and animated by magnetic force. Earth had nothing like this!

AIRBORNE ANGEL

After Barbarella repaid Pygar for saving her, his will to fly returned immediately. This gave the female an idea, and before long Pygar was soaring over her heroine to Sogo. As they passed between the peaks of a mountain range, several patrol

ships attacked the airborne pair. Fortunately, Barbarella was armed with a powerful ray rifle, which she used with great skill. Following the woman's instructions, the "angel" dived, dodged, ducked and darted to keep from being hit by the enemy's death-beams. The hair-raising battle that ensued amidst the towering mountains lasted only a few moments, ending with the complete destruction of the aggressors.

No further obstacles materialized to prevent Pygar and his passenger from gaining entry into the city. No one saw them land, but as they progressed, more and more residents became aware of them. Barbarella paid little attention to the odd, somewhat crooked architecture, but she watched the ominous-looking people carefully. Likewise, the evil occupants eyed the Earthling and her conspicuous companion with considerable scrutiny.

A short time after their arrival, the couple came to a door marked "The

Blind orionithanthe Pygar lends helping wing to naive but eddy efficient heroine in a panel from the original comic by Jean-Claude Forest, who also worked on the screenplay. The comic was a widely circulated sensation in the France of the '60s and had several appearances in this country's new delucit III magazine. "THE EVERGREEN REVIEW."



herself losing consciousness, a trap door opened up beneath her prostrate form. She fell through this opening and slid down a long chute until she hit the floor heavily. The door had closed behind her as soon as she had passed through it, thwarting the fierce little killer birds.

Barbarella was in sad shape, but at least she was alive and reasonably well. The Earthwoman looked around the room that she had been dragged into and saw that she had company. A handsome young man was standing in a corner, waiting for her to regain her senses. When she asked who he was, he introduced himself as Dildano, leader of the Underground. He asked for the female's aid against the Black Queen, and she consented. He then laid out a plan of attack.

Dildano informed Barbarella that the Queen slept in what was known as the Chamber of Dreams. In this large room, her dreams were really pleasant hallucinations that were taken from her subconscious and intensified both mentally and physically. She was able to conjure up anything she wished, and everything that happened seemed real to her. Consequently, she was most vulnerable whenever she was in the Chamber. Barbarella's job was to somehow gain entry into the room and change the machine's delicate settings so that they would conjure up mind-shattering nightmares. Thus, with the wicked

Ultimate Solution." They entered, and through the transparent floor they saw a multi-colored liquid moving as if it had a will of its own. This was Mathmos, an immense living organism of destructive power; Sogo had been constructed upon its vast "lake." Like a parasite, the formless entity fed upon the evil deeds of the city's inhabitants. In return, Mathmos protected the metropolis. This was why anyone who was not completely decadent was cast into the Labyrinth.

As Barbarella and the "angel" continued on their way, they were unaware that they were being followed. A pair of vicious-looking men crept toward the incognito woman, intent upon creating a new sin. When they had almost reached her, they were both stabbed from behind by what appeared to be a one-eyed wench. Barbarella's rescuer wanted the Earthling for her own insidious purpose. Since our heroine had more important things to do at the moment, though, she thanked the disappointed stranger and left.

Soon afterward, Pygar was captured by a group of locals. The blind being was being tortured and tormented by the villains, and when Barbarella tried to stop them she too was seized. At that moment, the Black Queen and her fat adviser happened to come along. The evil beauty instantly took a liking to the winged man and put a stop to the fun and games. To her royal regret, something she said made the Earthling recognize the ruler as having been the "one-eyed wench." Enraged by this, the Queen ordered Barbarella's immediate execution. Acting quickly, our heroine grabbed the evil female and threatened to shoot her. Unfortunately, she was quickly disarmed by the adviser and some leather-men.

HOME, SWEET HOME

Struggling uselessly, the condemned female was dragged over to a transparent dome. As soon as she was inside, a swarm of little birds attacked her. They began pecking her to death, and there was little that their victim could do to save herself. In mere moments, her clothing was reduced to ribbons, and a multitude of cuts marred her shapely body. She did her best to shield her face, but there were so many birds that it was almost impossible to fend them all off. The perverted onlookers shrieked with delight as it became apparent that Barbarella would soon pass out from the pain and loss of blood.

Just as the heroic Earthwoman felt



Dildano's hair stands on end and composure sort of slips after heavy session with Barbarella.



Elaborate set designs and A-1 special effects contributed much to BARBARELLA'S on-film success. Colorful characters like the arch-chewing Professor Ping likewise embellished the cartoon-like fantasy.



Jane shields herself against onslaught of yet another of Sogo's many monomers (not visible here). The film was directed by Roger Vadim. Ms. Fonda's husband at the time and an occasionally effective auteur who also piloted one of the best of the screen screen's vampire epics, *BLOOD AND ROSES*, back in 1961.

ruled of Sogo helpless, the revolutionaries would attack and take over the city.

After thanking Dildano for saving her life, Barbarella left in search of Pygar. It was not long afterward that she was recaptured by the Queen's inhuman guards. When the royal adviser showed up to take her into custody, she finally recognized him as being a father Durand-Durand. He admitted his identity, and then had her taken to his spacious torture chamber because she knew too much.

Durand-Durand was mad. Among other warped practices, he derived great satisfaction from murdering attractive women, and a few of his recent victims littered the floor of his inner sanctum. The "leather-men placed the struggling Barbarella into the maniac's ingenious murder instrument, and then they stepped back.

Grimacing from ear to ear, Durand-Durand boasted, "This machine you are in is a very special device. It is my own invention." He pointed to a sheet of colored musical notes that he was holding, and continued his bragging. "It is an Excessive Emotional Stimulator, and it works on the same principle as an electric organ. As I play this 'music,' you will become more and more emotionally excited. By the time I have finished, you will have died...of pleasure!"

Without wasting any more time, the lunatic activated the diabolical device. When the "song" was completed, the captive was bathed in perspiration, but she was not dead. Earth's champion still

lived, and the scientist was furious. To make matters worse, she had caused the emotional stimulator to short-circuit. "Have you no shame?" Durand-Durand shouted.

Having failed to dispose of Barbarella, the plump villain decided that he might be able to use her. Pretending to have had a change of heart, he offered to admit the lass to the Black Queen's Chamber of Dreams. As soon as they arrived there, Durand-Durand produced the mysterious Key of Entry. Once Barbarella was inside the forbidden area, she messed up the controls of the Dream Machine. Instantly, the beautiful, soothing, swirling colors that had shone on the walls changed. They altered in pattern and tempo as the hallucinatory process shifted from sweet dreams to nightmares. The Black Queen was doomed.

UNEXPECTED OCCURRENCES

Two unexpected things occurred next. The first was that Mathmos started flipping out. It was visible through the transparent floor of the vast chamber, and the female savior could see that the liquid creature was visibly agitated.

The second unscheduled occurrence was that Durand-Durand refused to let Barbarella out of the place. His eyes gleamed in triumph as he announced that the Earthwoman and the Black Queen were trapped forever. He had jammed the only door leading to the Chamber of Dreams,

and now his two greatest enemies were helpless.

The scientist chuckled as he claimed, "I will now rule Sogo!" When Barbarella questioned him about the Posttronic Ray, he said, "It is a ray capable of changing living matter into a state of ever-melting agony! The ultimate weapon! With it, I shall rule the universe!"

It was only moments later that a alarm sounded throughout the palace. The rebels were attacking by way of the Labyrinth. Durand-Durand hurried off to personally destroy the opposition, and Barbarella was helpless to stop him.

Realizing that there was nothing else she could do on her own, our heroine awoke the Black Queen. The merciless ruler was enraged by what had happened and, in retaliation, she released Mathmos. She and Barbarella then escaped via a protective bubble that went right through the monster and out to safety.

Meanwhile, the revolutionaries were winning as they drew closer and closer to the city. By this time, almost all of the leather-men had been destroyed, and many of the city's wicked residents were dead. There was now little resistance offered against those who were fighting to regain their souls as well as their freedom. Victory seemed within their grasp, but then Durand-Durand reached his Posttronic Ray Cannon.

The attackers were helpless against the super-weapon. Since its killing range was greater than theirs, the mad scientist was safe as long as he did not allow them to get any closer. Laughing maniacally, he fired the fiendish device over and over again. Because of the gun's wide beam, every shot scored a hit. One after another, the courageous rebels melted. Their companions were unable to save them, and all seemed lost.

Suddenly, Mathmos reared up from beneath the paved streets and engulfed the city. So vast was the creature that it overflowed into the Labyrinth, killing the remaining insurgents. After a while, the liquid beast calmed down and settled over the entire area. The whole city had been inundated by the living lake, and there appeared to be no survivors.

Eventually, a transparent bubble rose to the surface. Inside it were Barbarella and the Black Queen. As they were wondering how they could escape from Mathmos, the Earthwoman spotted Pygar. She called to him, and he joined them. As soon as the sightless savior was informed of the situation, he grabbed



Mark Hand (Ugo Tognazzi), heroic hunter who scathed Barbarella from the jaws of scores of mechanical killer dolls.

Barbarella and their enemy and flew them both to safety.

When our heroine asked him why he chose to save the evil Black Queen, Pygar only smiled and stated, "An angel has no memory."

BARBARELLA (1968) Paramount. 98 min. Directed by Roger Vadim. Screenplay by Roger Vadim, Terry Southern, Jean Claude Forest, Brian Deans, Claude Brule, Clement Wood, Tudor Gules, Vittorio Bonicelli, from the comic book by Jean Claude Forest. Starring Jane Fonda, John Philip Law, David Hemmings, Milo O'Shea, Marcel Marceau, Anita Pallenberg, Claude Dauphin, Ugo Tognazzi, Veronique Vendell.



Concluding panel from comic book *BARBARELLA* depicts identical ending to that seen in film, with the noble Pygar rescuing the sexy space sirens and the Black Queen from the crumbling city of Sogo. Fantasy fans harbored hopes that Barbarella would one day return in a screen sequel, but such, alas, was not to be the case.

As TMT was going to press, we received word that Atlas Comics—the subject of the following article—was going out of business. Since Atlas execs expressed hopes that the company would be revived one day soon and that, in any case, several of the Atlas titles reviewed below will still be hitting the stands when this issue of TMT appears, we decided to go ahead with the following article. So, depending on Atlas' currently cloudy future, Howard Phillips' critique of their various superheroes and fiends may be either the latest—or the last—word on the subject. We think, however, that you'll find his now approving, now condemning views of the often imitative Atlas line to be of more than passing interest...

When the word went out several months ago that a new comic book company was being formed, all of London became understandably excited. Finally, the day arrived when "Atlas" released the first of its titles, and the fans' anticipation at once began to waver. It's been steadily diminishing ever since.

Hardly anything that Atlas has produced thus far offers any originality. I remember drawing the same conclusion from Marvel's line in the beginning—their heroes were all revamps of old ones—and they turned out to be terrible. Atlas, however, seems determined to remain dull. The editorial staff is big on monsters and shock 'n' value, and they somehow manage to get away with publishing some very surprising things: it seems that the Comics Code Authority permits people-eating monsters and blood-ingesting primitives nowadays, for example. The Atlas line is based primarily on horror and gross sensationalism, the characters go through a lot of changes, and the covers usually exaggerate the contents, but perhaps that's what comics are all about today. In any case, let's move on down the Atlas line and take a closer look at their four-core heroes and fiends.

DELAYED DEUT

Andrax is a guy who was created in 1973, but didn't make it to the comics until two years later. He's a 1976 Olympics champ who gets captured by a rich nut who puts him into suspended animation for 2,000 years. Lacking super-powers, he nonetheless succeeds in slaying a giant mutant spider that tries to make a meal out of him. This origin ended before he was able to find out if mankind still existed, and there has been no follow-up yet. The series may yet turn out to be a good one, but—judging from the intro—I doubt it. (Is **THE BARBARIAN** #1).

The Bog Beast emerged from Earth's molten center in a black and white magazine before he appeared in **TALON OF EVIL**. The kindly, odd-looking alien is despised by humans because

SON OF DRACULA, one of Atlas' less-than-appealing series, made his domestic debut in **FRIGHT #1** in a story by Gary Friedrich. Our own comics critic harbors hopes for this particular Atlas hero, but rumors that the newly established company is headed for oblivion continue to persist.



COMICDOMS LATEST BUT NOT THE GREATEST ATLAS' MONSTERS & HEROES

they think he's a monster. This sort of thing has been happening in comics for a long time, but this character is an obvious copy of the **Heap** (both versions), **Swamp Thing**, and **Man-Thing** (Marvel has countered with **Manbrian** now; one "good" ripoff begets another). Anyway, this emaciated mess has super-strength, is overflowing with understanding and compassion, but manages to get into all kinds of trouble (in **TALES OF EVIL #3**, he even tangled with a female werewolf). He lacks originality, but I, for one, like him.

The Brute is a blatant ripoff of a third-rate horror movie called **TROG**, with a few variations. This idiotic thing is a gigantic, blue-skinned, prehistoric man-monster who eats raw flesh and kills any living thing that gets in



Sequel after Marvel's "War of the Worlds" series, **ADAM'S PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES** is nonetheless a worthwhile venture with merits of its own—one of few of Atlas' comics that can make that boast.

its way—except for a female anthropologist who wants to save the beast's life. In the first issue of his book, the Brute was found and captured, but he escaped by hitching a ride under the wing of an airplane. He stumbled upon a mad scientist in the second issue and wiped out the fellow's reptile men. One book later, he was captured and operated upon; this somehow gave him the power of speech, but a mad scientist's android—named **Doomstalker**, no less—sapped him at the conclusion. Let's hope that this violent creature is really dead, because the series is awful in its hackneyed presentation.

The Cougar is a movie stuntman-turned-actor-turned-stuntman. He's pretty ridiculous, lacking super-powers yet somehow managing to destroy a

vampire and a werewolf in the first two issues of his magazine. His origin wasn't revealed until book #2, in which we learned that his brother had been turned into a lycanthrope. While our hero was trying to kill the wolfman, he was seriously injured and "paralyzed for life." The next issue is still forthcoming, but we've been promised "the most devastating, by different superhero of all time" (now here have we heard that before?). Since Atlas hardly ever offers anything different, let alone devastating, I'm not expecting too much.

The Dark Avenger has only appeared in an 8-page filler story in **PHOENIX #3**, but he really made quite an impression on me. The art, dialogue, and plot are realistic and far above average. Although this hero lacks any extraordinary abilities, he has one of the most incredible outfits ever conceived. In his only adventure, he broke up a murderous little gang of punks who were threatening his brother. Hopefully, he'll return some day soon.

Demon Hunter is the newest offering from Atlas, but his single issue revealed that he has a great deal of potential. He's a mortal man with ESP, who's been endowed with certain abilities—some of which are pretty ludicrous. The most foolish thing of all is a "shadow cloak that materializes arcane weaponry from the beyond!" Having been an assassin for the "Harvesters of Night," he turned against them when he learned that they were in league with real demons. At the conclusion, **Atazoth**—Grand Duke of Hell—possessed a human body and walked the earth once more. This series is excellent so far, and I hope it lasts for a long time.

The Destructor is just another superhero embellished by some fine artwork. In the first three issues, he fought against the

Syndicate and their absurd, super-powered firefights. Issue #1 was very good, but in the following one he was challenged by an egomaniac called Deathgrip, and he was next assailed by an insipid amazon known as the Huntress. Both villains died in combat, but in the fourth issue he met up with a hidden race of atomic mutants. His script was considerably better, mainly because Gerry Conway wrote it, and not Archie Goodwin (who did the others). This crimefighter has possibilities, but not many.

The Dragon is Atlas' only original hero. His origin is quite excellent, but there are some things that must be cleared up in the future. His powers are derived from atomic energy, as are his evil brother's, and there is an aura of mystery surrounding them both. Ed Fedory, whose scripts are usually so good, did a really fine job with this King Fu fighter. This one shows a great deal of promise, even though every comic company—even Charlton—has at least one expert in the martial arts. (IN HANDS OF THE DRAGON #1).

STOLEN SPIRIT

The Grim Ghost is probably the least believable of Atlas' heroes. He's a fugitive from the 18th century, whom Satan transported to modern times shortly after the highwayman's execution. The concept for this character was swiped from DC's Spectre, and an old heroine called the Black Widow, with a touch of Marvel's Ghost Rider; the last two characters made pacts with Lucifer, and the Black Widow was also sent back to Earth to murder evil-doers. So far, the Grim Ghost, Satan and the Devil

first two issues, Iron Jaw learned about his secret heritage, almost raped his sister, and gave up a kingdom. Two numbers later, part 1 of his interesting origin was presented. He's fought some mutants and a monster or two, but I'm not impressed. Keep trying, Atlas.

The Man-Monster started out in the first half of TALES OF EVIL #2 (which book he shares with the Bog Beast). He's just like a werewolf, except that he turns into a big, red amphibian man rather than a lupine thing. Intense heat is usually the catalyst here, but the guy's not all monster—he thinks rationally, but suffers from amnesia whenever he grows gills. He's really a ridiculous steal from a foolish movie entitled THE HIDEOUS SUN DEMON. We are not repeat—not amused.

Man-Stalker is a costumed ringer for the character in TARGIT #1; in the beginning, he was an FBI agent with a full license to kill. In the second issue, he was proclaimed an undercover man and given a dumb costume with a target on it. Unfortunately, he keeps giving his real name to villains while he's boasting that he's going to get 'em, which makes his elaborate cover pretty ludicrous. There's a lot of action in these tales, with somebody getting shot, gassed, or blown up (sometimes all three) on practically every other page. In the third and last adventure, Targit gained some super-powers and a new, improved suit. His personality is much more developed than the lastie Atlas hero, and the stories are fairly well done—although the most recent one was pretty lousy. It



the third (latest) issue, the Midnight Man was introduced; he's a guy who lived through a flame thrower shower and now leads a group of revolutionaries against the oppressive government. At the finale, he shot Morlock, presumably to death. This mag is quite good, but it's very brutal and gory. Still, despite its violence, it's one of Atlas' best efforts.

Phoenix is one of Atlas' more asinine presentations. He was introduced as the only survivor of a disastrous American space mission, and soon afterward he was rescued and treated by telepathic aliens. These differently-colored aliens had mutated over the years, and evolved into humanity, but now they wanted to destroy us because they were ashamed of what they'd wrought. After stealing some atom-powered devices, he attacked the other worlders and fought them for three issues. His powers are grossly exaggerated, and he's sort of a messiah; he protects Earth, parts the sea, fights the Devil (a mad, ageless alien), and flies with his arms outstretched (in the form of a cross). In the latest (fourth) book, he was empowered by different aliens and renamed the Protector. Don't even bother with this inconsistent contestant for sainthood.

Planet of Vampires is one of the company's better attempts, although it is closely styled after Marvel's very fine "War of the Worlds" series. On the cover of the first issue, readers are told that "Six astronauts return to Earth and find it ruled by vampires." Inside, there are only five space travelers. Hmm. The plot is the usual old space-remoteness-after-atomic-disaster-and-find-monsters-and-battle-them-with-a-twist. The only civilized folks live inside a domed community, but they're become bloodsuckers, who must prey upon the neighborhood ruffians. Fortunately, they can be killed by bullets. Unfortunately, only two male astronauts now remain alive. The whole thing is a high-paid private investigator's first tangled with normal crooks and then encountered another and a vampire. The second tale was poorly done, particularly artwise. In the third issue, we learned that he had

THE COUGAR #1, with art by Don Adams & Frank Springer and script by Steve Mitchell. Failed to win the cold, cold heart of our demanding comic critic.

Below, the MAN-MONSTER rises from the sea in his debut issue—drawn by Rick Bucker and written by Gerry Fedory—only to collapse in unworldly memories of THE HIDEOUS SUN DEMON.



been killed during WWII, but was somehow resurrected in the '70s. He has a costume now—but still no uncommon abilities—and what he amounts to is really a Blue Beetle type. His final episode pitted him against the Golden Fubler and the Golden.

Sea of Dracula made his debut in FRIGHT #1, and so far there has been no second story. The origin tale is rather intelligent and exciting, but there isn't much more that can be done with vampires that's original, thanks to Marvel's and Warren's Dracula. Of course, Atlas has his own version of the Lord of the Undead, and he will undoubtedly return later in the series to plague his heir. Corniness has infiltrated the script in that his



Steve Ditto's artwork for THE DESTROYER receives rare thumbs-up response from our reviewer, but Archie Goodson's script and the Destroyer himself fall on impers.

son calls himself A. Lucard (spell it backwards), and he teaches a course on the occult at Columbia University. Even if the comic lacks originality, it will probably be entertaining nevertheless.

The Tarantula is a really offbeat hero (s) who suffers from a curse that turns him into a humanoid spider every so often. While a monster, he must eat people, and this can prove to be a serious drawback to one's social life. He can also paralyze someone with his spider venom and even spin webs. Oh, yes—he also suffers from dual personalities: the beast has one he has another, and a vampire. Our champion still manages to go around killing only villains and saving good people. In the first

issue, we were treated to giant spiders and a witch, in the next the witch returned in monster form, and finally he fought against a man who could animate inanimate objects (incidentally, the cover of this issue is the most fraudulent of the entire Atlas line). This gory hero offers nothing to fans, except that he's pretty unique.

Tiger-Man is quite probably on the verge of madness. He has the abilities of a jungle cat and goes around in a tiger outfit, ripping bad guys to shreds. He began in THRILLING ADVENTURES #1—a black and white mag—in which he went after some very unpleasant villains. In issue #1 of his own comic, his sister was murdered by muggers who soon became mighty sorry that they had chosen her as a victim. Two months later, he was challenged by a leopard counterpart of himself, who escaped at the end after murdering someone. Finally, he went up against a demented psychiatrist who had an abundance of psychic power. We've seen it all before, but I like this hero because he tends to be more realistic than most. His thought balloons are good, and the tales are fairly believable—except for the last one (let's not go down hill, Atlas). Here's hoping he doesn't get any worse.

END OF THE LINE

Wall The Barbarian lives "on a nameless world in a fore-torn time" in a place of vast seas and incredible dangers. He's been on a vengeance trip throughout his four issues, and along the way he's encountered a load of bad guys, monsters, and demons. So far, his quest is still in progress, but his mysterious foe controls forces that would drive a man mad. So much for the commercial. This Conan-inspired youth is smart and skillful, and the stories are very well done—even bordering on the original. Nevertheless, he has a lot of problems: in the third book, he fought against a horde of alien men and a robot, and in the next story he battled a bloodsucking demon that could assume human form. I'm confident that he will someday emerge victorious, and I hope that the series continues for a long time.

That's the whole story, from one expert's point of view. Incidentally, did you just notice a thing very important about Atlas? They have heroes and monsters of every sort, but no supermen or female creatures! This should be remedied as soon as possible—perhaps with a new hero who is a girl regarding men parallel Iron Jaw's pertaining to females. Or in one Red Sonja enough? □

Atlas' MORLOCK #201 features a title borrowed from H.G. Wells and Arthur C. Clarke, a story copied from George Orwell and Ray Bradbury, and a planet monster. The cover is reminiscent of the star of FROM HELL IT CAME. With all this going for it, it's by Allen Milgram and story by Michael Fleischer—MORLOCK #21 represented one of Atlas' better efforts.

have appeared in three issues: thieves and murderers but the dust in the opening editions, but a one-eyed demon called Brimstone (natch) tried to overpower Satan in the most recent one. Naturally, hell's champion emerged victorious and is just asking to kill more bad guys.

Iron Jaw has been in more trouble than any other Atlas hero during four issues of his own mag, and the premier edition of THE BARBARIANS. He's a massive male chauvinist who rides a unicorn (!) and goes around spoiling things like, "The wilder the filly, the better the ride!"—pertaining to women. He's essentially a shoddy Conan copy who lives on a ravaged Earth in the distant future. There's a lot of sword, but precious little sorcery in this mediocre series. In the

could become a good series, but don't count on it.

KILNER WEED

Morlock 2001 is one of the most original titles to have appeared in a comic of the '70s. He's part plant and part human (grown in a scientist's greenhouse, and he occasionally gets an embarrassing reaction to eat somebody in a hurry. So far, he's digested one gorgeous woman, four men, and a little blind rat. Oh, yeah—he's also slain a lot of people by touching them and turning them into ash. The setting is the future, and the storyline is "borrowed" from Orwell's 1984 and Bradbury's FAREWELL 451. In

It may not be art, but "Jaws" does what it sets out to do: it scares the hell out of you.



a Zanuck/Brown Production for Universal stars Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw and Richard Dreyfuss. The screen version of Peter Benchley's international best seller was produced by Richard D. Zanuck and David Brown, directed by Steven Spielberg. In Technicolor and Panavision, and written as a screenplay by Peter Benchley and Carl Gottlieb. Co-starring are Laurence Gary, Murray Hamilton, Carl Gottlieb, Jeffrey C. Kramer and Susan Backlinie.



Not wanting to be left out of the JAWSmania currently sweeping the nation, but lacking a resident shark expert, TMT requested—and received—permission to reprint three sharking pages from "SHARK! Silent Messenger of Agony and Death," a new magazine published by Galaxy News Service devoted entirely to all varieties and makes of that ravenous sea savage. Letters urging us to run more real-life monster material lead us to believe that the following pages should be of more than passing interest to our readers. Leading off this special shark pages section is a review of JAWS, the Steven Spielberg thriller that started the shark craze, followed by a pair of frightening exposés on the gruesome exploits of these real-life monsters.

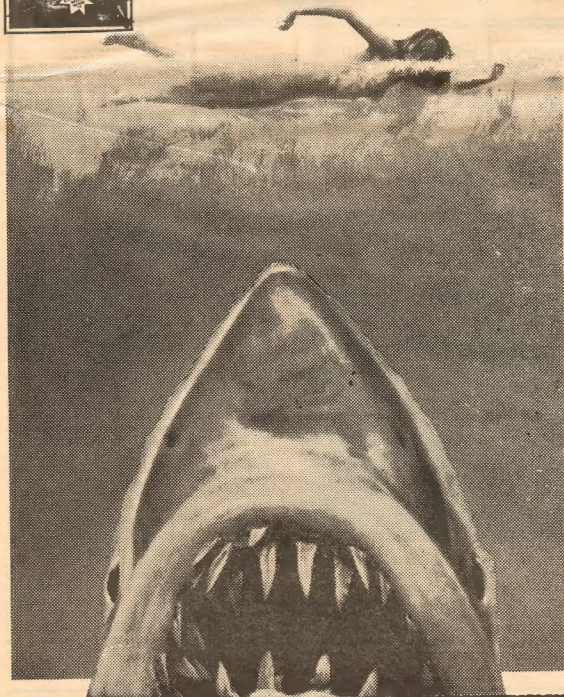
JAWS, the blockbuster adaptation of Peter Benchley's quickie best-seller, boasts a brash young director, highly capable cast and some of the scariest scenes ever captured on celluloid. This flick did more for the film biz and less for the beach resort industry than any movie in distant memory.

According to its director, Steven Spielberg, JAWS should never have been made. It was an impossible effort. Other people have agreed with him, for different reasons, that this movie should never have been made. Most of these critics point to the unbearable suspense that pervades the movie. The sickening impression of death's brutal, oppressive inevitability that mounts with every remorseless frame, and the stomach-turning violence of the bloody action scenes. Thus they denounce JAWS for the very elements that render it a supremely dramatic, rewarding and, yes, even an artistic masterpiece.

Of course this is all sheer cant and hypocrisy on the critics' part: It's all very well for an educated, adult person like myself, they say, 'but it could be upsetting to children and other emotional degenerates.' They would prohibit all of us, that is, from watching a movie like JAWS in order to spare the sensibilities of children, even though many courageous sociologists have lately suggested that the experience of terror is indispensable to a well-adjusted person's upbringing, and that movies like JAWS provide an excellent opportunity for children to learn to cope with such emotions in a safe, controlled environment. And let's face it: basically these critics are ashamed of enjoying what they stupidly consider a 'straight action' film, with no moral or intellectual point that they can discern.

Which is just more hogwash. With dedicated naturalists from Stanford University researching the effects, and a gifted author like Peter Benchley writing the screenplay, how should JAWS escape making a profound comment on man and his experience in the world? The critics, quite simply, look for metaphors in the wrong places: of course the White Shark in the movie can't be compared to Moby Dick, because Melville did all that a hundred years ago, and why bother copying him?

No, the message of JAWS is much closer to home. Consider the plot, as spare and simple as the shark itself: a New Jersey resort town is being plagued by a Great White Shark, and yet the local authorities refuse to close the beach for fear of losing the Fourth of July tourist revenue. Victim after victim is hideously mangled by the great fish, yet the town's businessmen try to suppress the reports and let on that nothing extraordinary's happening, it's all business as usual. They'd rather sacrifice women and children than risk their hot-dog money. The metaphorical significance of this situation, in view of today's political, social, economic and environmental realities is so apt that it passes right over the heads of critics seeking traditional cinematic symbolism. JAWS, in fact, is nearly subversive in its vicious simplicity—just like a shark.



LIVES TO
TELL
ABOUT IT

The following real life report details Australian skin-diver Rodney Fox's frightening adventure with a typically voracious shark. Despite the multiple gashes and wounds suffered by the skin-diver, Fox was still more fortunate than most victims of this dangerous predator of the deep. At least he lived to tell the terrifying tale.

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY!



AUSTRALIAN SKIN DIVER RODNEY FOX LIVES TO TELL ABOUT HIS MOMENT OF TRUTH!

It was something like the stillness that descends on a forest glade when a hunter walks through: only this was eight fathoms deep over a coral reef at Longa Beach, South Australia. Only the steady, unbroken rustling over the gayly-colored coral formations in the current: all the infinitely varied fish, though, including the two fat, dusky morwongs Rodney Fox was pursuing, froze motionless in the water and turned slowly to look at him. But they were not looking at him with anything like fear, but with a peculiarly cold interest, the way all animals watch a victim doomed to slaughter.

and great thrashing grey tail fins. Farley and Fox were among the 40 contestants in Aldinga Beach's annual scuba spear-fishing contest; with a good catch floating overhead in a plastic bag filled with buoys, they'd stood a good chance at winning. And now this!

The shark's impact had knocked the spear gun from Fox's hand and ripped his face mask completely off his head. As he swirled over and over through the bubbles, he felt an enormous pressure from his left shoulder to his hip, as though all his insides were being mashed together, and forced toward his right side.

to the elbow.

The pain at pulling his arm back over the cunningly inward-curving fangs, veins and tendons ripping loose, nearly stunned the skin-diver. He had lost his mouthpiece, and battled to the surface for one ragged, gasping breath. But suddenly he felt the rough hide of the animal rasp against his legs, and by some instinct he immediately embraced the animal, twining arms and legs about it so as to elude its jaws. So the shark plunged, and dove down to the reef again and brushed him off against the razor-sharp coral formations.

Stunned and breathless, his wet-suit shredded by the coral, Fox headed for the air again. Looking down, though, in horror he saw the great conical head pursuing him through the pink cloud of his own blood, jaws agape with a wickerwork of teeth. In screaming desperation he kicked at the ugly pointed snout, which miraculously seemed to redirect the shark's attention to the float of speared fish near at hand. The shark swallowed it whole, flosts and all, and rushed off through the water.

But Fox was attached to the float by a line from his waistbelt! Off he went behind the shark, trying frantically to unhook the belt—but hands didn't work any more, they were literally in strips and shreds. Now he knew he was going to die, even after all he'd done: "I had done all I could, and now I was finished." As the shark drew him deeper and deeper into the azure ocean, he began to black out from lack of oxygen . . .

And then suddenly he was bobbing on the surface in a warm, red spreading solution of blood and sea water: the thing's great fangs had snapped the line and Bruce Farley was coming to the rescue.

In the hospital, Fox discovered that the bones in his right hand and arm were visible through the rips in the flesh. His entire torso wore deep gouges, and his ribs, lungs and upper stomach had been exposed in front. For all of that, he lived to join the next year's competition. He feels he's luckier than most.

The only sane and halfway safe way to dive in shark waters is in a cage—and then just pray the shark doesn't seriously try a test of strength.

Having once struck a victim, a shark will pursue him singlemindedly through a crowd of would-be rescuers.

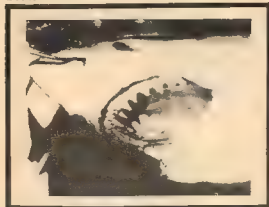


"It was just a feeling," Fox said later. "I didn't tense up or anything—I didn't have time to." Then he was hit in the left side by a great shark.

Twenty yards away in the turquoise gleam of the Australian water, Fox's partner Bruce Farley looked on unbelieving at the huge violet shape that slammed into his mate, precipitating an explosion of white scuba bubbles, flailing limbs,

Upside down, being rushed through the water, he realized his predicament in a flash when he saw the great tail lashing overhead. Wildly, driven by fear and primal rage, he beat on the creature's snout and gouged at its eyes with clawing fingers until suddenly it let go, from the pain. But in a last effort, in panic, Fox lashed out again and his arm went into the fish's mouth up

According to the editors of "SHARK!", that ever-hungry sea monster will devour just about anything that moves, and a lot that doesn't. Even such generally innocuous species as sand sharks, widely regarded as gourmets of plankton and other tiny organisms, have been known to nip off, on occasion, a hapless bather's leg, if only for variety's sake. This alarming lack of gustatorial discrimination can have its drawbacks, though: each year, dozens of sharks die after trying to bite outboard motors off fishing boats!



Into the mouths of sharks oft go strange meals. Wander a bit too far offshore and you may wind up one of them.



A gargantuan Mako and the monstrous Young Dusky.

WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

Hopefully, it's not you or me. But just about anything in the water is a possible meal when a shark sets his mind to it. Sharks have been known to bite at (and often remove) outboard motors. In fact, this is one of the destroyers of many sharks in the warm tropical waters. Read on to find out about the often strange diet of the killer shark.



A clutch of scientists makes a meager mouthful for this Miocene shark that, thankfully, became extinct along with the dinosaurs!

In 1952 a porpoise hunter in the south-west Bay of Fundy off New Brunswick was about to shoot a full grown common porpoise which reaches 6 feet and 125 pounds when a shark abruptly bit it in two. The shark ate the back half. The hunter hooked (gaffed) the front part. The shark circled close by but swam off when the hunter let off a round at its head. The hunter guessed the shark to be a bit longer than his 14-foot skiff and since no other aggressive sharks were known to be in the area, it was assumed to have been a white.

In 1959 off Rockport, Maine, a 11 foot 9 inch white was harpooned after it bit a pet seal in half and then swallowed it half by half. In its stomach was another seal, not halved.

A white shark can bolt creatures half its own size. One, 15 ft. 6 in. long caught in Florida in 1939, contained two whole sandbar sharks between 6 and 7 feet long.

Still, the white does not ignore smaller morsels and sometimes browses randomly and like a vacuum cleaner yields a bellyful of the miscellaneous. The late J.L.B. Smith in his book the Sea Fishes of Southern Africa, 1950, refers to

a white shark of 18 feet that had in it:

- the foot of a native
- half a small goat
- 2 pumpkins
- a wicker covered scent bottle
- 2 large fishes quite fresh
- a small shark and unidentified oddments"

Considering what has been found in other sharks, Smith's information should not be discounted as a "fish story".

The following, culled at random from the scientific record, is by no means an exhaustive inventory of what has been found in shark stomachs.

In a shark caught in Australia was found a goat, a turtle, a large tomcat, three birds, four fish heads and numerous fish including a shark six feet long.

In a shark caught in the Adriatic was found a raincoat, three overcoats and a car licence plate. In a shark caught in the Florida Keys was found grass, several tin cans, a dozen cow vertebrae and the cow's dehorned head.

In a shark caught in the Philippine Islands was found seven leggings, 47 buttons, three leather belts and nine shoes.

THE FIRST TMT FAN ART EXHIBIT

Sinister staffers at the sprawling TMT Art Department are constantly being deluged by fan artists submitting their work in the hope of seeing it reproduced in the pages of this publication. Unfortunately, space limitations prohibit our printing all but the most minuscule handful of these artistic efforts, though some of said efforts are infinitely worthy of publication. Therefore, in an attempt to at least partially cor-

rect this artistic injustice, we decided to present on this very page a sampling of the sinister unsolicited illustrations and cartoons that have found their way into the hands and hearts of our sharp-eyed art staffers. We wish we had room to run more of these eerie efforts by unsung fantasy fan artists, but for now, we fear, these will have to suffice. □

If you like to draw and have some eerie artwork to show--send it to us here at The Monster Times, c/o Fan Art, Box 595 Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.



Kerry Gammill, of Fort Worth, Texas, offers this illo of a Mummy with a bad wrap.



This epic Toho battle sketch is the handiwork of Stan Wong, of Vancouver, Canada.



Professional writer Bruce David, of New York City, doubled as a semi-pro sci-fi illustrator.



"YOU HAVE PERFECT VISION..
20. 20. 20. 20. 20. 20..."

No flyglases needed for the subject of this single panel cartoon by Brooklynite Aaron Bacali



**HE SAYS TO HURRY,
HE'S AFRAID OF HEIGHTS.**

Steve Peters, of Indianapolis, Indiana, attributes this cartoon about an unlucky alien

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THE
LAWS
OF
DEATH

THE
KILLER
WHITE
SHARK

"Big" Ted Mann, TWT's highly trusted, occasionally credible Canadian correspondent, has been following for several years the progress of noted Sasquatch hunter George "The Snake" Fraser. Fraser's search for the elusive Sasquatch—distinct cousin to the Bigfoot, or Yeti, or Abominable Snowman, or all three—has taken him into the wilds of darkest British Columbia, and often back again, in hopes of capturing one of the cunning beasts for the benefit of all mankind. "Big" Ted's chronicle of Fraser's quest begins herewith and ends at the conclusion...

BY "BIG" TED MANN

If you take a map of British Columbia, Canada and place your thumb on a small town called Richmond, you will cover an area where there have been repeated Sasquatch sightings over the past three years. What, you ask, is a Sasquatch? It is different from a "Bigfoot," "Yeti" or "Abominable Snowman." Well, most Sasquatch hunters feel that the creature is at least distantly related to all three. However, they rate it superior in strength, speed, cunning and cleanliness.

Donald "The Snake" Fraser, a Canadian bush pilot, trapper and hunter, says it is really a book. The Sasquatch: Myth or Legend?

"In all the years I have spent trying to track down the Sasquatch only three times have I been close enough to be able to say positively that it was a Sasquatch and not a mutated bear. They are at first as a weasel, as cunning as a wolf, rime, as tireless as a manatee and as shy as a new married squaw. That's why most people neither see nor care to search for the Sasquatch.

Sasquatches exist? Fraser produces strong evidence in the form of photographs, plaster casts of footprints, and reliable witness accounts which argue well for his case. He even claims to have captured a Sasquatch several years ago.

"I was out in the Southwest Marine area, not too far from my cabin. Big Oz and Firewater saw this two big lifetime assistant" "we" helping me pull a travois of supplies home for Sunday. We were just about at the Dunbar Trail when Big Oz heard a noise in a tree. This was the tree where Big Oz kept his pemmican cache and instinctively he raised his rifle to his shoulder and loosed two rounds into the tree. We heard a muffled cry, then something big dropped to the ground. I lay moaning beneath the tree as we cautiously approached.

"Probably a manatee," said Big Oz, raising his rifle. "It'd better make sure of him." By the time I was close enough to see what it could almost sure was a Sasquatch. "Wait!" I shouted.

"Five minutes later we had the creature securely bound and were discussing our next step. I hardly listened as my two assistants made plans for the creature. To have the creature Sasquatch after all these years!

"Firewater Dave wanted to take the animal back to the village right away and sell him to Mr. Burns, the American sportsman who was staying with the mayor. Dave felt sure we would get a good price for the animal. "Americans got lots of money," he said to me earnestly. I could help him out at his ignorance. I explained that the Sasquatch was more than just another freak for people to gawk at. It was an important addition to our knowledge of the world around us. Just then the mayor started shouting and waving. I looked over to see Big Oz



The Mighty Sasquatch. Former friend to Northwest Indians and elusive object of White Man's hunt. TWT's Canadian correspondent, Ted "Big" Mann, reports the end of his quest for the legendary beast.

IN SEARCH OF THE



jumping back in surprise. "He's a feisty one," said my helper, holding up the end of a pine branch the creature had bitten off in fury when Oz had stuffed it in his mouth.

"We decided he was too big and dangerous for us to move alone. We'd have to go back into the village for help. That was our biggest mistake. We left the travois and headed back to town. When we returned four hours later, the creature was gone, as were half the supplies. We found the other things he had been tied with cut clean through—as if with a knife. I looked at big Oz in surprise—this meant that the animal used tools. Oz just shrugged and said, "Now how was we supposed to know he had a knife on him, under all that hair?"



This purported photo of the Sasquatch monster, taken by unidentified snapper appeared in the December 7th, 1975 edition of the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

FURTHER SASQUATCH SIGHTINGS

"Snake" Fraser is not the only one to have written of the Sasquatches in the area. He has described their experiences with the animal to reporters from the outside world who have been brave and persistent enough to make the trek from

the nearest city of any size, Seattle. Some of the stories are farfetched and fantastic, and it is possible that the people who told them only did so in order to impress the American reporter or to con him into giving them a shiny jack knife. But it does not do to dismiss these tales out of hand. After all, only a hundred years ago people did not believe in the germ theory of disease or that man would ever set foot on the moon.

Big Debbie, the wife of a local trapper, reports that she has seen a Sasquatch on several occasions. "The last time," she says, in an interview in the Seattle Post Intelligence was late in August. It was Chief Billy's birthday, and my old man he was in the village drinking. I had been so well then—learned voices all the time—so I stay home and listen to Don Messer's Jubilee on the new radio. 'Bout twelve o'clock I hear noises in the hide shed. I figure my old man he had some drink too much. After while I take torch and go have look see. I open door and shine lantern in—looks like big moose hide jump up and run at me. I tell you I plenty scare. I must be bout ten feet tall maybe. It knock me right down over backwards. Then I see him runaway."

Saake Fraser visited the scene of the sighting several days later. "The weather had been cold and the footprints were still visible, lucky for me. I would say from looking at them that this animal was probably a young Sasquatch who had not yet acquired a fear of humans." The footprints were not as large as an adult's normally are and they were not as deep. This would indicate that the animal did not weigh as much as the mature beast. What is surprising about this case is that the animal attacked Mrs. Debbie. This is the only case I have ever heard of a human being attacked by a Sasquatch. Mind you, if you're attacked by a Sasquatch you probably aren't going to tell anybody about it anyway, as you will probably be dead."

Another local who reports seeing a Sasquatch is fishing guide Mike Melanson. "I just got in from a two-week trip and I was picking up some supplies in the general store when old Granny Kaplan waves me over with her newspaper. I figured she wanted to talk to me about her dreams. She's always dreaming about weird things. Her father, the cat sometimes I don't think she can tell whether she's awake or asleep. Anyway she asks me who the hippies are that are staying in my cabin. I told her I didn't know there were any hippies in my cabin, but she says they moved in the day after I left on my last trip. Well, double day bad—that makes me mad. These boppers or whatever they are come up here to take advantage of the Code of the North. They figure it entitles them to break down the door, drink the liquor, smoke the cigarettes and use the glasses for ashtrays. Well, those stumpy ruggies have another thing coming if they think they're going to get away with that. I get real mad and you see because the Code of the North is supposed to be for starved trappers and so on—I mean they're entitled to just walk into your cabin. But not no cat—cat bunch of dog hippies. So I grab my manatee rifle and I head right out the door. I get up on top of Shauneys Bluff. I can see them down below sittin' out front of my cabin in my brand new Sears Roebuck deck chairs. My first shot went a little wide and it's a lucky thing for them. They both left up and ran for the woods like a couple of goats with pokers up their ears. Well when I got down to the cabin warden I surprised to see the size of their feet. I figured either these hippies got the biggest—feet I ever seen or they weren't hippies at all. I gave Snake Fraser the news when I saw him two days later."

The Mountain Giants



A comparison chart based on reported Sasquatch sightings demonstrates beyond a doubt that the monster is not only larger than man, but bigger to boot.

Chief Billy's anniversary party. He came out with all his plaster of paris stuff and looked at the tracks. And then they were Sasquatches for sure. Well Sasquatches or hippies I don't care. I don't want the long-haired sons of a hanging around my place."

"You see what I must deal with," explains Fraser in his book. "Many of the local people are ignorant and suspicious of anything new. It is very hard to get them to accept new ideas and convince them that these discoveries may one day help all mankind. Melanson, for instance, attempted to shoot at the animals without any provocation and has threatened many times since to shoot them on sight. I just cannot seem to make them understand that they are more valuable to the world alive than dead. By his actions he has taught the entire creature to be afraid of man: if they believe us to be irrational and violent there is little likelihood that they will ever give up deliberate contact with us. Chief Billy has told me that during the time of his

grandfather, Chief Ingram on Lonsdale, the Lidian people of the north shore have had a peaceful contact with the Sasquatch. Apparently, when the white man came with his whiskey, a young brave into his bottle behaved aggressively to one of the white Sasquatch people. "Nu," says Chief Billy, "with a twinkle in his eye, 'Wrong-headed Cor him very bad man. Him no the stuff matter. He a big Sasquatch. Sasquatch very



Colossal frame from the late Roger Patter. This photo of a Sasquatch shows monster walking through woods near Bluff Creek, Northwest.

big but got heart like chicken. Sasquatch run away, never come back to fire of tribe. Wrong-headed Cor him kill two mountainies instead. Later white man find Wroong-headed Cor and white lady from across ocean (this would be Queen Victoria) 'she say them fire his arms out of cannon. Or maybe they hang him. Chief Billy not sure."

SASQUATCH HUNTER HARBORS HOPE

"Yes, in the past contact was possible. I would like to make contact again. This fall a group of Americans have agreed to finance my biggest hunt yet. We'll be going after that 'quatch with everything we've got: helicopters, heat-seeking, anti-aircraft missiles, water bombers loaded with water. We've even got permission from the government to try and flush him out with a forest fire. There are a lot of problems to be worked out but I'm confident we can do it."

"Sure we're spending a lot of money, but I believe, and so do my American backers the Lizard Freres Circus and Carnival that this animal will be of great benefit to mankind if we can capture him alive. I'll also give the local economy a real shot in the arm."



Unidentified Indian holds up cap fashioned from Yeti scalp for benefit of Western people. Fraser claims "Yeti" is believed to be a creature cousin of the Sasquatch currently being sought by the tireless Snake Fraser.

Will "Snake" Fraser succeed in capturing the elusive beast he has sought for so many years? Well, this fall should hold the answer. Mr. Fraser has agreed to keep THE MONSTER TIMES posted of his progress from time to time and we wish him the best of luck and hope to hear from him soon.

BUG!

WHEN COCKROACHES RULE THE WORLD!!!

BY RON HAYDOCK
and
VINCE BOSSONE

For months now our Teletype pages have been heralding William Castle's planned adaptation of Thomas Page's "The Hephæstus Plague," a nefarious novel about an attempted world takeover by hordes of incendiary cockroaches. Well, that intriguing tale has finally hit the screen under the more succinct title of "BUG!" and here to tell all about it is TMT writer Ron Haydock. And, just for extra added info, TMT correspondent Vince Bossone offers the results of his talk with novelist-screenwriter Thomas Page about translating the bug-oriented book to the scream screen.

William Castle's "BUG!" is the most shocking new horror film to surface since "THE EXORCIST," at least in this creature critic's humble opinion. Many of the chilling shock sequences in Castle's new Paramount color release should, in fact, shudder the spine of even the most jaded front-lin.

Based on Thomas Page's novel, "The Hephæstus Plague," and scripted by Page and producer Castle himself, "BUG!" is a well-wrought self terror tale about an earthquake in Riverside, California that opens up a deep black chasm from which swarm out thousands of fire roaches: inte. legent, carbon eating, foot long cockroaches with flame-shooting tails. And because these large, hideous-looking roaches feed on fire, they immediately start setting ablaze just about everything in sight, including cars, houses, animals and people.

As scientist James Parmiter, Bradford Dillman works desperately to try and control this frightening invasion of deadly bugs. Becoming inordinately obsessed by the fire roaches, Dillman not only discovers their weakness but, secretly saving one roach for himself, bores up in a desolate shack on the outskirts of the city where he begins feverishly experimenting to develop a hybrid firebug that can overcome said weakness. These covert experiments in turn give birth to a new, even deadlier generation of firebugs. Instead of simply crawling across the ground to attack, the new, improved roaches have sprouted wings and can fly!

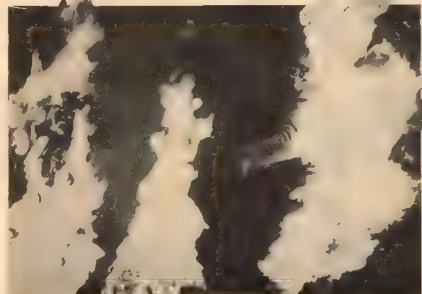
FIERY FILM FUN

Overall, William Castle's "BUG!" is an eye-awakening spectacle of science fiction horror, and even if the acting is a bit overdone in some scenes and a mite too casual in others, the total effect of the production is really quite startling and very entertaining.

Scenes of the firebugs swarming out of the chasm to attack scientist Dillman literally explode on the screen, and other sequences, including the earthquake that spawned all the horror and scenes of the firebugs crawling over the walls of Dillman's shack and communicating with him by forming their bodies into letters of the alphabet, are extremely effective. Also, despite the stomach churning horror of the firebugs flying or crawling around and putting the torch to people, there's a lot of simply good "film fun" in the picture, particularly in scenes where you, the audience, know there's a firebug creeping up someone's back without that person knowing it...until it's too late, of course.



A Roach By Any Other Name: Veteran fright film producer William Castle changed Rick's title from the obscure HEPHÆSTUS PLAGUE, the name of the novel by Thomas Page, to the pher. BUG! Here the title characters covet also the appropriately screaming face of an understandably frightened victim in suspenseful sequence from the film



You wouldn't expect Grosseau Gimmick King William Castle to populate his film with ordinary kitchen-variety roaches, would you? No, Bill's bugs are nothing less than foot-long INCENDIARY roaches who not only put the torch to flammable beings but eventually learn to fly

"BUG!"s fire roaches, incidentally, are real insects, not mechanical models. They're laboratory grown cockroaches that were trained to "act" by one of the world's foremost insect experts, Professor Karoly Fogassy of the University of California. In fact, producer Castle even had Hercules, the lead player of the bug cast, insured by Lloyd's of London for one million dollars while the film was in production!

Although "BUG!" hardly needs any special exploitation gimmick to help sell it, Castle has nevertheless been toying with the idea of installing under theater seats a door-mounted windshield wiper device that will softly brush across your feet and ankles at key moments in the film. In the '60s and '90s, Castle was famous for this sort of extra added horror movie treat: for

THE SUBJECT WAS ROACHES

What sort of man could give life to so successful and frightening a fiction work as "The Hephæstus Plague," the novel that served as the basis for William Castle's "BUG!" Well, like many folks working in the terror trade, Thomas Page is one of the most unpretentious and pleasant people one could ever hope to meet. We talked with the 34-year-old author recently in the Upper West Side apartment of theatrical producer Joel Dein, through whom we first met Mr. Page. The following is the result of that conversation...

TMT: Could you tell us a little about your background?

Page: I spent about nine years in New York where I held various jobs. I got into Columbia film school where I began writing screenplays. Eventually I got a job in an advertising firm working on publicity for such films as WILLARD, JOE and THE GODFATHER.

TMT: How did you come to write "The Hephæstus Plague"?

Page: I spent some time living in South Carolina where, as in most of the South, insects are in abundance. I had a roommate who was an entomologist. I started doing research in the field myself.

TMT: How did you feel about William Castle using your novel for a film project?

Page: Actually, I was quite excited about it. I had seen some of his films, such as THE TINGLER, when I was younger. I admired his work a great deal. His films are great fun.

TMT: You share screenwriting credit with Castle on "BUG." Can you tell me something about how you worked together?

Page: We spent about three weeks in his office working out the changes necessary to bring the novel to the screen. It was a give-and-take relationship. Some things work fine on paper, but visually can't be realized. Writing and filmmaking

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL, a skeleton dangled over the audience; for 13 GHOSTS you wore 3-D glasses in order to see the title characters; for THE TINGLER certain theater rows were wired for shocks; and for MR. SARDONIS the story was halted at the climactic order to let the audience decide whether the villain in the film should live or die. If nothing else, Castle certainly contradicts the old canard that you can't teach an old producer new tricks.

Meanwhile, other than ROSEMARY'S BABY and SHANKS (a macabre romp that's been greatly misunderstood by American audiences), "BUG!" ranks as Castle's best film to date, and certainly one of the top horror shockers currently making theater rounds.

—Ron Haydock

are two different fields; varying techniques are required in each case.

TMT: It has been reported that in some theaters "feelers" will be placed under certain seats which will brush against the viewers' legs whenever the "bugs" appear on the screen. Castle is famous for "gimmicks" like this. Does this bother you at all?

Page: I'm not sure they'll be going through with that idea, but in answer to your question it doesn't disturb me in the least. Mr. Castle is a showman. He believes movies should be entertaining and his certainly are.

TMT: How did you come by the title *The Hephæstus Plague*?

Page: In mythology, Hephæstus was the Greek god of fire and metal-making. I felt it an appropriate title considering the fire-producing attributes of these creatures from inside the earth. Afterward,



BUG! producer William Castle with ranch star Heru Ito. The invaluable insect was insured by Lloyd's of London for a million smackers

however, I had second thoughts about my choice. Most people are not familiar with the name Hephæstus and therefore would have no idea what the book was about.

TMT: Did you have any fears that maybe the theme of insects threatening the world possibly had been overworked considering films such as *THEM*, *DEADLY MANTIS*, *PHASE IV*, etc.?

Page: Not at all. I think there will always be a place for material like this, as long as it is done well. People love to be scared.

TMT: Can you tell us anything about the special effects used for BUG?

Page: The roaches were put through their paces by Ken Middleham, who did the magnificent effects on *PHASE IV*. The scenes with the roaches were shot in the basement of his home. Three different species of South American jungle roaches were used.

TMT: Were you pleased with the transformation from novel to film?

Page: Very much so. The film has already won the best film at the International Science-Fiction Convention at Paris this year. I saw the film and it really scared me. The suspense is built logically and effectively.

TMT: I guess that's about it. Thanks a lot.

Page: My pleasure.
Vince Boscone

BUG! (1975 Paramount. Produced by William Castle. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. Screenplay by William Castle and Thomas Page. From *The Hephæstus Plague* by Thomas Page. Starring Bradford Dillman, Joanna Miles, Richard Gilliland, Jamie Smith Jackson, Alan Fudge, Jesse Vint, Patty McCormack. □

THE INVASION OF THE BLOOD FARMERS AND ME!!!

BY JOEL VANCE



IN THEIR OWN WEIRD WORDS .

The world of sleazy independent horror film-making can be a truly terrifying one to behold, even from the relative safety of THE MONSTER TIMES Editorial Desk. That contention is more than borne out by writer Joel Vance, who describes his early adventures doing overbuds for just such a band of sleazy independent horror film-makers in the following article .

I was sitting in my easy chair one afternoon four years ago when my friend Eddie called. "I need a thousand dollars, no questions asked," he said. "I haven't got a thousand dollars," I said. "Can I ask a question now?"

"Sure," Eddie said. "What do you want it for?" There was a pause on the other end of the line.

I'm making a horror movie," I cried. "The one you always wanted to make—*THE RETURN OF WHITE PONGO!*"

Eddie said disbelievingly, "I couldn't find a movie like that. The next one is *INVASION OF THE BLOOD FARMERS*. About a bunch of outer-space guys who pump the blood out of a lot of big bolls so they can make a night police that will restore their dead queen ruler to life. It's got a lot of butcher shop scenes—real gory. This picture is strictly for the drive-in theaters in the sticks."

Three months later, when Eddie called again, asking me to meet him at a small recording studio. When I got there, the author of the screenplay in tall, amiable chap with a commendable capacity for good beer smiled at me through his drooping moustachios and handed me a slip of paper with a typewritten paragraph of copy on it.

"That," said the author, "will bring the running time of the picture up to the required 86 minutes. Otherwise the distributor can't sell the movie to theater owners."

Eddie said, "We finished up the movie, paid off all the actors, and need a thousand bucks."

The author nodded, the bump of his soft leather hat flopping, "We

had to wash a lot of ketchup off the walls. I get killed in the picture Eddie does, too, Gary."

"Right," Eddie said. "When you see it, you'll throw up. Anyway, we've got the film in the can. We run an answer print and find out we're six minutes short. So here's what we're gonna do—we have some leftover shots of the bad guys running around in bathrobes. We didn't have the budget for real costumes. They're jumping up and down and waving torches."

The author said: "The reason they're jumping up and down is because we didn't have the budget for newspaper and set them on fire. They burned quick and the actors were scared of their hands getting fried."

Eddie tapped the paper. I was holding. "So you'll read this copy slowly and we'll overdub your voice on the bathrobe shots. That'll give us the extra six minutes we need. Try it out for effect."

I looked at the paragraph:

They were demons. They thrived on the lives of innocents. They were like blood drinking Druids! For thousands of years they lay silent and forgotten. Then, suddenly, they awoke! Some say that when the winds howl and the sea beats against the rocky shore, it is again the night of the Druids. It is the invasion of the Blood Farmers!

I read it in a Peter Lorre voice. Then a Karloff voice. Eddie and the author shook their heads.

Actor assumes malevolent mien in a typically cryptic scene from *INVASION OF THE BLOOD FARMERS*, quite possibly the worst night flick ever made. Among the cast members of whom the film failed to make horrific household names were Norman Kell, Yanna Hunter, Bruce Delrich and Jack Rubeck. Ed Allum produced and directed



Grizzled teacher runs amok in *INVASION OF THE BLOOD FARMERS*, predecessor of *SHRIEK OF THE MUTILATED*. According to author Vance the film opened to dismal reviews but boxofficeous boxoffice returns

"No. Too familiar. You sound like the runner up at an amateur night contest."

I said: "How about Jimmy Stewart?"

"Far out," they chorused.

"We'll roll the tape."

The engineer signalled from the control booth. The red RECORD light came on.

"Wal, now, 'see, these—these—Druid fellows..."

Eddie and the author pon-

dered. "Roll the tape again," I said.

"I'll do it as James Mason."

I did it. Eddie gave a conspiratorial giggle. "We love it. That's the one we'll use. But you realize that if the real James Mason sees us, you'll have to come into court and prove you talk like that at the time."

"If Mason uses us," I said, "tell him to lay off or we'll sit White Pongo on him."

A month later Eddie called for the third time. I wound up doing the voice on the "coming attractions" trailer. Back to the recording studio. I sat in a small, stuffy booth facing an old-fashioned microphone as bug and flat as a pancake. I watched a thin, faded, black and white "work print" running on a small screen. As the film ran an electric clock kept the time in seconds. I started speaking as the clock sign flashed "25." I was using a normal voice. The copy had been prepared by a film distributor salesman. I memorized the lines and watched the film as I read them.

"Terrot! Terrot that will keep you on the edge of your seat as you enter the horrifying world of the rimping-out-outhere!"

"CUT!" yelled Eddie. "Joel, what happened? You ruined the take!"

"I was watching the screen. That scene with the farmer in the outhouse—that's not actually in the movie, is it?"

Eddie shrugged. "Sure. We thought it would add variety."

"But it's pure cheese," I said.

Eddie gave a Cheshire cat grin. "It sure am, ain't it? Hee hee."

Finally the picture was finished. I saw it at a private screening. Even among Grade Z horror movies, *BLOOD FARMERS* was one of the worse—if not the worst—of all time. Could it possibly go over, even in the sticks? Would theater managers be tarred and feathered for booking it? Would James Mason sue? And why hadn't anybody heard from White Pongo?

One day Eddie showed me some press clippings, reviews from papers like the *Oregon County Gazette*, the *Boonville Times* and the *Bonesville Free Democrat Tribune*. Eddie sighed and placed his hand over his heart to show that he had found peace of mind. "I was beginning to wonder if anybody in the country had any taste left. Turns out they do. We've been panned everywhere the movie's played. I'm relieved to find it isn't the only one who knows how lousy it is."

"How's the box-office?" I asked.

Eddie ruffled through a pile of letters from the distributor. He squinted at a column of small towns and villages and the amounts of money that had taken in each theater. He nodded and puckered his lips.

"Not bad at all, Look, Joel, this thing goes into drive-ins and plays on a Saturday night. The local teenagers are too busy dragging each other into the back seats to really pay any attention to what's happening on the screen. Listen, you wanna work on my next picture? We're going for more character development this time. Not the one-dimensional shop-suff. We want a class production."

"What's it called?" I said.

"*SHRIEK OF THE MUTILATED*. Catchy, huh?"

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The Monster Scene

In keeping with the current revival of single massacres, all the eerie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where madmen normally fear to tread will be duly reported in this irregular column. **THE MONSTER SCENE** brought to you by your friendly hands-on-the-field at TMT (listen for the sound of applause)



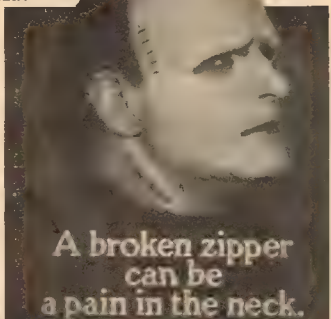
FRIGHT FORECAST

According to sci-fi writer Isaac Asimov (seen here holding a copy of TMT), "The chances are even that within 500 years a city on earth will be hit by a meteorite." Asimov unveiled that frightening forecast in the course of a lecture he recently delivered at the Institute on Man and Science in Rossmore, New York, noting that in this century alone two sizable meteorites have landed in remote areas of Siberia. To insure earth's safety, Isaac suggests we form a "space patrol" that would utilize a device to disintegrate the meteorite before it crashed into the city. That's it, if the meteoroid doesn't gut us first!



TMT INGENUE HITS BIG

What issue of THE MONSTER TIMES would be complete without a plug for every fan's favorite rising star, Jennifer Sloek? Jennifer, you may recall, was the beautiful beneficiary of a lavishly pruned-packed item on the Teletype pages of issue #41. Now the talented young actress—star of the ill-fated SHRIEK OF THE MUTILATED—speaks elsewhere in this issue for our unkind review of the film, has achieved the ultimate recognition sought by budding celebs everywhere — a pic + plug in Earl Wilson's column in the NEW YORK POST. We know that you, whether an acquaintance of Jennifer's or not, will share with us a moment of contentment, secure in the knowledge that there are still those among us willing to extend a clutching hand to aid a struggling young artist. Remember, you saw her first in THE MONSTER TIMES

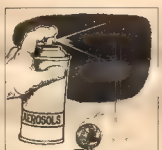


A broken zipper can be a pain in the neck

HORROR HYPE

TMT reader John Leary, of Seaford, New York, sent us this ad in which the makers of YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN and Talon Zippers, respectively, trade plugs for the film and a new metal zipper line, also respectively. The latter, incidentally, is designed for jeans and work pants but, according to

the ad copy, "also happens to be an excellent zipper for monsters." Peter Boyle as Mel Brooks' Frankenstein Monster attests properly pained expression to his monstrous mug while sitting still for this lovely uninspired bit of eerie exploitation



DOOMSPRAY

From the L.A. FREE PRESS comes this Ron Cobb cartoon graphically depicting the potential effects of aerosol sprays on this planet. The sprays are said to destroy protective ozone in the atmosphere, without which people could eventually fall prey to skin cancer. Unless the aerosols are banned, and banned soon, aerosol manufacturers and their Mad Avenue pitchmen may succeed where several global wars failed and bring about the slow annihilation of the world's populace. Last you immediately set yourself to the grim task of making out your will, let it be known that such aerosols are gradually being replaced by less toxic sprays



KRAZY KAT KOREOGRAPHED

At this past summer's Newport Music Festival, choreographer Richard Englund of the Ballet Repertory Company staged a ballet depicting the adventures of George Herminia's much-beloved KRAZY KAT, a surrealistic syndicated strip that ran in the Hearst papers from '51 until the early '40s. Krazy had earlier been adapted to the dance stage way back in 1922,

choreographed by Adolph Helm to a score commissioned from John Aden Carpenter. The celebrated cartoon character, it may be remembered, was an eternal optimist of undetermined sex in unrequited love with a sadistic, back-hurling mouse named Ignatz. Herminia's frequently satiric strip remains one of the most imaginative ever to appear in the dailies



TMT EDITOR MAKES ACTING DEBUT

TMT Editor Joe Kane turned in a rare acting stint as an existential kleptomaniac in the September, 1973 issue of APPLE PIE, the All-American Humor Magazine, with backgrounds sketched by famed comics illustrator Neal Adams. On another neopetistic note, let us add that the strip was conceived and written by frequent TMT contributor Dean Latimer, a man with a wit as big as all outdoors, if not

a heart to match. Incidentally, our esteemed Editor will soon be making his OH-OH Broadway debut CLOSING TIME, a short comedy about his favorite subject, the end of the world, will be one of a series of one-act plays of a surreal bent set in the Bermuda Triangle. Other writers involved in the project include TMT contributor Mark Jacobson and APPLE PIE Editor Rex Weiner



SHARKING TRUTHS

As anyone in even casual contact with newspapers and magazines can confirm, the famed JAWS shark portrait has been turning up of late in countless pitches for a wide variety of products and services having little or nothing to do with sharks. This particular ad, appearing in the NEW YORK POST, is for Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics, a speed-reading



MONSTER MATCH

The August 5th edition of the LOS ANGELES TIMES carried the following heartwarming item: A pair of California Inghit fanatics, Keith Alan Reber, 20, of San Jose, and Katherine Louise Engel, 19, of Garden Grove, celebrated their recent marriage by dressing up as the Franken-

stein Monster and his Bride. The marriage rite was performed by Superior Court Commissioner Robert B. Axel during a tour of Universal Studios. Such diabolical deduction to Monsterism would should not, we feel, go unsanitized



SINISTER SPORTS

Ever try to devise an all-monster baseball team? Neither have we, but NEW YORK POST sports writer Henry Hecht, stuck at a dull game in the almost empty seating of San Francisco's Candlestick Park, did—and this is what he wrote:

"A Friday night in Candlestick, cold and windy. The bullpen catchers worked in parks as 4000 people sat in 56,000 red and orange seats. The top started rolling in, waves of it, eerie, thick white pulps that made you wonder when Vincent Price was finally going to be announced as the next batter. The game wasn't moving very fast, either. Was there a better time to decide on an all-Monster team?"

People CATCHER, Lon Chaney Jr. The Hunchback of Notre Dame would hardly have to stop. FIRST BASE, King Kong, the Big Squish. SECOND BASE, Henry Hull, The Werewolf of London. SHORTSTOP: Peter Lorne. THIRD BASE: Lon Chaney Jr. LEFT FIELD: James Amoss, The Thing. CENTERFIELD: Vincent Price. RIGHTFIELD: Boris Karloff. "DIRECTOR OF PLAYER PERSONNEL: Robert Armstrong, the scout who signed King Kong. GROUND CREW: The Mole People. MANAGER: Dr. Frankenstein. RELIEF PITCHER: Godzilla, the old fireman, DH PLATOON: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. PITCHBURNER: Claude Rains, The Invisible Man. GROUNDEE: Fay Wray, an old friend of the first baseman."

the monsters teletype

songsstress Shirley Bassey Can't wait to see seductive Shirley on the screen.

Telco Productions has a wide-

are of 2001 and writer-director of **SILENT RUNNING** has been signed to direct **HERO'S JOURNEY**, a futuristic fantasy scripted by Sterling

Slough Production will begin in early '78. Griffith, Roger Corman's favorite screenwriter and the author of over thirty films, has been signed to do an original screenplay with the working title of **CYBERNIA** for New World 9. Cates, Set at the end of the 21st century, **CYBERNIA** will dramatize a futuristic power struggle

the object of which is total control over a malfunctioning central computer that governs the United States. **FOR** near-future release is **THE MONSTER OF SUGAR SWAMP**, a Sun-International production filmed in Waycross, Georgia. 20th Century-Fox reports that veteran fright film producer William Castle recently signed an exclusive long-term releasing deal with that company. First on the agenda will be a suspenseful entitled **NOISE**, based on the novel **THE DARK DESCENDS** by Diana Ramsey, with a script by Gaillean Fierman. Pick is set in Greenham Village and will feature an as yet undisclosed audience participation g muck, long a trademark of Castle's films.

Brayton Pictures' 1st last film Frank Herbert's full classic **DUNE**. The said saga will have some effects by Dan O'Bannon, who also did the script and effects for **DARK STAR**. O'Bannon also has a script

is our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-stand-are info to you, serving up all the news of what's cooking in every medium, from the rare to the hall-baked to the well-dones, reviews, previews, bulletins and controversial comments on horror, sci-fi and fantasy happenings in films, books, comics, TV and even real life. We have spared no costs, time or tender eyes in bringing you this expanded edition of our beloved Teletype page, so feel free to send us letters full of laudatory praise for our staffers' efforts to keep you "in-the-know." Handling Fight Film Forecasting chores is "Firey Bird" Fene who licks off this feature with his column, which begins directly below.

Good news, fright film fanatics—we seem to be smack in the middle of a monster-mania. "New" has the horror horizon been studied well it so many industry experts agree to go no exception. The next results, crazy may rival the greatest monster crazies we've yet been treated to.

destroy mankind due

ESPY met a C

0.5.5.5.5.

Over near a mad scientist, it's

"Shocking is already under way in

Madrid on the special to harry

case last situation epic **THE**

GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD The

last story **SINBAD** and **THE EYE**

of **THE TIGER** stars Patrick Wayne

son of John, Taryn Power daughter

of Tyronel and Jane Seymour. Sale of

LIVE AND LET DIE As usual the pic

is blended in Harryhausen's Dyna-

mation process.

An Australian producer named

Tony Bourke is producing a story



In what has to rank as one of the most bizarre and puzzling real-life space crises, some 20 citizens of Walcott, Oregon (pop. 800) led their respective hearths and homes to follow a middle-aged couple who promised them a UFO flight to a "lost heavenly kingdom" in the skies. The couple, identified only as HIM and HER, made that promise in the course of a public assembly at Walden's Bay, where last September 14th past—and days later the Walden 20 was reported missing. A letter postmarked Fruita, Colorado, from one of the group claimed that they were at a "training camp" in the Rocky Mountains. HIM and HER appeared next at a Denver YMCA, following this meeting, another 20 people turned up missing. The people, whose precise present whereabouts remain unknown, are presumably preparing for their flight into space. Keep tuned to the **MONSTER TIMES** as further facts accumulate in this strange live-life adventure.

While not a super blockbuster, **Amicus' THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT** seems to have been successful enough to generate confidence in launching a Burren/Renaissance. Shooting begins shortly at Pinewood on Edgar Rice Burroughs' superlative masterpiece of inner world wonders, **AT THE EARTH'S CORE**—replete with Mahars, cave-men, sea serpents, and all the prehistoric splendors of inner earth. Pullinger. Keep your fingers crossed. If the film proves a success, there'll be a half-dozen sequels waiting in the wings, not to mention the remaining two parts of **THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT** it's incredible to think upon but can all it possibly read up to an eventual filming of Burroughs' **MARTIAN TRILOGY**? And, I thought to never see to see the world really appreciate ERB's genius, outside of **TARZAN** at last!

It's not enough to satiate the most voracious of horror addicts appetite, a new production company called Sword and Sorcery Productions has been formed by ex-Amicus producer Max Rosenberg. And first in their dockets is not one but two but three films—budgeted at \$7 million—based on Lin Carter's contemporary hero **THONGOR**. First film ended will be **THONGOR IN THE VALLEY OF THE DRAGONS**, followed by **THONGOR IN THE CITY OF SORCERERS** and **THALIA SON OF THONGOR** (the astirment not yet entered in book form yet). Rosenberg's so own rights to Marvel Comics' **THE INCREDIBLE HULK** and **SPIDERMAN**, with productions are for both. Veteran British mystery writer Brian Clemens will script the latter. Keaton curving Max? Meanwhile, back at Pinewood, Tyburn Productions has Dennis Heustess's masterful classic **THE SATANIST** rolling before the camera. Satan cast is headed by Trevor Howard, Peter Cushing, possibly Orson Welles, and, as the femme bad, none other than super-sucky

called **FAREWELL, MOSES**—a so-called crawling ark in Australia, as well as a completed horror flick, **EDMUND OF THE DAMNED**.

There's also a planned filming of Robert Merle's **MALEVIL**, an excellent novel of post-nuclear holocaust survival. French star Michel Piccoli stars as one of several survivors who begin civilization anew.

Co-Union sends word that **JAWS** director Steven Spielberg's next project will be **CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE THIRD KIND**, a sci-fi film written by Saleberg. Production is slated to start in a fall



Barbara Steele, the First Lady of the Fright Film, will play a Vengeance alchemist in Federico Fellini's **CASA NOVA**. A few A-list projects will be (twist) else? **THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED** The film based on the novel by Gordon Thomas and Mac Morgan Wells is being scripted by Nelson Giddings. Film will dramatize the eruption of Mt. Pelée, a disaster that claimed 64,000 lives. Douglas Trumbull, special effects

TELE-ANFANT CONVENTION

On August 1st through 3rd, New York, City's 1st **TELE-ANFANT CONVENTION** was held at the Hotel Commodore. Present were such distinguished guests as actors Newt Lloyd, Lane of the **SUPREMACY**



To show horror how good John Zecher, master special effects artist and **Darkstar** producer director of the **OUTER LIMITS** Joseph Biatano, make-up expert B.I. Tittle and others. What! But the wonderful people were backed up by a number of top stars from the industry, including **HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS**, **ANDROMEDA STRAIN**, **STAR TIME MACHINE**, **THE 13TH**, **WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH**, and others. There were panel discussions, interviews, a show, and two dealers rooms, more than enough to boggle the mind of any true science-fiction fan. There were auctions and displays (among them one of the top slates from **FORBIDDEN PLANET**, a phase and a complete phase when lobby table displays at entrance were used for living).

THE MONSTER TIMES were well represented by horror scholars Tom Rogers, Gary Gentry, and Doug Murray (one of the guys who organized the entertainment), and other famous people were present in abundance. There were panel discussions on **STAR TREK**, science-fiction films of the 1950's, space effects, and **THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN** at length by experts in their field. Unfortunately, because of the incredibly hot weather and the lastness of the season on news media, this phantasmagoria of fun and excitement did not prove financially successful. Still, there will not be a second version of **TELE-ANFANT** in 1978. Gary Gentry and Alan Aspinwall, did a great job, but the fans were against them. Although there won't be another **TELE-ANFANT CON**, we'll have the 1st and 2nd of the 1st and only one.

—Jason Thomas

the work with the intriguing life of **THE RITE**.

Repeat acts of what you have heard they are not missing the original version of **JAWS** called **DANCING IN THE SHARK**, they are however making a



sequel, called **JAWS II**. And riding on its heels, or fins, is **SHARKS**, are imitators galore, including **MAKO—THE JAWS OF DEATH**, **CRIMSON BLOOD** (about trained killer sharks), **DOLPHIN ISLAND** (based on an Arthur C. Clarke work), **CLAWS** about a rampaging bear in Yellowstone National Park, **PIRANHA** (concerning a deranged aquatic animal who puts the little bugs into swimming pools) and **ALLIGATOR**

CON-CALENDAR

The CON-CALENDAR is an exclusive feature of **TMT**. Across the country, people note, if a movie, music, book, or event is consistently gathering to buy, sell, trade, collect and listen to the show. As with most gatherings of fans, the conventions often

border on the insane, but the people are friendly and there's always a good chance you'll pick up some rare items for your collection. And, if you're great people to meet, people famous, infamous and plain unknown.

If you're never been to a "con," we highly recommend you try one. There's a lot to be learned, and, quality, of course, but they're all fun to attend. We at **TMT** will do our part by keeping you informed of all upcoming ones.

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
Dec. 18, 19, 20 & 21	MEARBOOK 1	AMERICANA HOTEL Miami, Fla.	\$5 per day	Door Prizes, Auctions Ultimate Star Trek & Comic Art Experience
Dec. 28, 27, 28	MOVIES, MOVIES, MOVIES 1ST ANNUAL FILE FANS CON	HOTEL COMMODORE 42nd St. & 6 Ave. New York City	\$1.00 For Info, Call HY-6-3554	Guest Stars, Movie Memorabilia, Films, Cartoons, Newsreels, Plus Much More
Sunday, Dec. 14th	COMICS AT THE MCALPIN	HOTEL MCALPIN 31th & 6 Ave. New York City	\$5 To: Gary Serman HY-6-3554 E Pack Ave. Flushing 11365	Prizes, Comic Info, Nostalgia
Jan 2nd to 5th	COMIC NORTH CONVENTION	COMMODORE HOTEL 42nd St. & 6 Ave. New York City	\$5 To: Gary Serman HY-6-3554 E Pack Ave. Flushing 11365	Comics, Artwork, Records, Posters, Sci-Fi & Horror Material, Auction, Costume Parade, Film & Cartoon Festival
4th Sundays After Jan	COMIC BOOK COLLECTORS MARKET	STATLER HILTON HOTEL Grey Star Road Park Square Boston, Mass.	For Info, Call (617) 381-5777	Comic Books, Science-Fiction, Movies Items, Etc
3rd Sunday every month	NOSTALGIA A Church of the Waltham, Mass. 02154	Howard Johnson Hotel Lodge	75¢	comic books, posters, toys, movies, auctions



MGM seems to have very high hopes for their forthcoming futuristic epic, **LOGAN'S RUN**. Special effects are touted to be of 2001 quality. The action takes place in the 23rd century and the film stars Michael York, William Devane, Peter Onorati, Jenny Agutter and Farrah Fawcett-Majors. The film is based on the real life wife of the \$6 MILLION DOLLAR MAN.

Warner Bros plans a tanning of the MGM Coltine suspense classic, **THE MOONSTONE**.

DEATH UNDER THE SUN will be the sequel to last season's super success, **MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS** with (hopefully) Albert Finney repeating as Hercule Poirot. Archo as Meyer's Sherlock Holmes satire **THE SEVEN PER CENT SOLUTION**, is currently before the cameras

in London and Vienna. Impressive cast includes Nico Williamson as Holmes, Alan Arkin as Bismund Freud, p.s. Laurence O. Vior, Vanessa Redgrave, Samantha Eggar and Joel Grey.

The sequel to **RETURN OF THE PINK PANTHER** is already underway with Peter Sellers again starring as Clouseau who, in this one, meets James Bond, **The Abominable Dr. Phibes** and **Le Marché**.

On the video screen **SPACE 1999** forms as the smash hit of the season. In other tube news, we can look forward to a two-hour fantasy special called **BAGDAD** based on the characters from **THE ARABIAN NIGHTS**. Meanwhile, Ray Stark is ready for theatrical release, an epic, entitled **1000 YEARS** based on the Scherzedezade tale.

Rock star Gary's Bow n stars as **THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH**. Truman Capote will star as actor not author in Ray Stark's tongue-in-cheek, **MURDER BY DESIGN** written by Neil Simon.

Will the Money Makes the World Go Round Dept. it seems that everybody wants to do the remake of **KING KONG** all at the same time. Universal is suing RKO who is suing Dino De Laurentis who's suing

STAR TREK SUPER SALES CENTER



NEW! FULL COLOR POSTERS!



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3408x3420, 3420x3432, 3432x3444, 3444x3456, 3456x3468, 3468x3480, 3480x3492, 3492x3504, 3504x3516, 3516x3528, 3528x3540, 3540x3552, 3552x3564, 3564x3576, 3576x3588, 3588x3600, 3600x3612, 3612x3624, 3624x3636, 3636x3648, 3648x3660, 3660x3672, 3672x3684, 3684x3696, 3696x3708, 3708x3720, 3720x3732, 3732x3744, 3744x3756, 3756x3768, 3768x3780, 3780x3792, 3792x3804, 3804x3816, 3816x3828, 3828x3840, 3840x3852, 3852x3864, 3864x3876, 3876x3888, 3888x3900, 3900x3912, 3912x3924, 3924x3936, 3936x3948, 3948x3960, 3960x3972, 3972x3984, 3984x3996, 3996x4008, 4008x4020, 4020x4032, 4032x4044, 4044x4056, 4056x4068, 4068x4080, 4080x4092, 4092x4104, 4104x4116, 4116x4128, 4128x4140, 4140x4152, 4152x4164, 4164x4176, 4176x4188, 4188x4200, 4200x4212, 4212x4224, 4224x4236, 4236x4248, 4248x4260, 4260x4272, 4272x4284, 4284x4296, 4296x4308, 4308x4320, 4320x4332, 4332x4344, 4344x4356, 4356x4368, 4368x4380, 4380x4392, 4392x4404, 4404x4416, 4416x4428, 4428x4440, 4440x4452, 4452x4464, 4464x4476, 4476x4488, 4488x4500, 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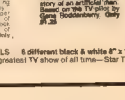
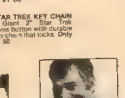
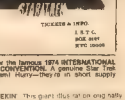
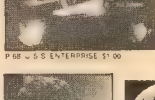
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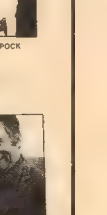
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A TMT INTERVIEW WITH JOHN CARRADINE

BY GARY J. LEVINSON

We at TMT have received, over the years, more than a few reader requests for an interview with John Carradine. An elusive sort, Long John was finally tracked down in Florida by TMT correspondent Gary J. Levinson on the set of *DEATH CORPS*, a new fright film in which, coincidentally enough, both were appearing. John, whose cinematic career spans five decades, has appeared in some of the best, and many of the worse, films ever made. He comments on these and other eerie matters in the course of the following conversation...

John Carradine came to Florida recently to co-star with Peter Cushing in a new horror film entitled *DEATH CORPS*. The movie, filmed entirely on location in some of Florida's blimmest swamps, concerns an army of super-zombies created by Nazis. But the creatures turn out so incredibly horrible, and uncontrollable, that, instead of using them in combat, the Nazis sank them to the bottom of the ocean. There they lie for years, dormant, until, for some reason, they rise from the sea to do the one thing they are really good at: Kill.

Peter Cushing plays the Nazi, one Scar by name, and he describes the *Death Corps* in the course of the film: "We created the perfect soldier from cheap hoodlums and thugs with a good number of pathological murderers and sadists as well. We called them the *DEATH CORPS* creatures more horrible than any you can imagine, not dead, but alive, but somewhere in between."

I was fortunate enough to be cast in the film (my first movie role) as one of the *DEATH CORPS* (the ugly dead one). When I informed the filmmakers that I was also a *Monster Times* reporter, they were happy to arrange the following interview with John Carradine.

TMT: Mr. Carradine, I've heard that you don't like to be called a horror star.

Carradine: Well, I'm not really a horror star. I've done 450 features, and maybe a couple dozen of them were what you'd call horror films.

TMT: But your public remembers you for horror films. You seem to be particularly adept at horror.

Carradine: I'm really a theatrical actor, trained in theater. Shakespeare and so forth. I haven't specialized in horror films.

TMT: Well, do you dislike working in the genre?

Carradine: Not really, if it's a good part. I dislike the term "horror actor" when it is inaccurately used to describe my career. I take what I'm offered. I have to work. I want to keep busy. That's why I'm always on the go, one after another.

TMT: Let's go back a little. Can you tell me anything about *BLACK SLEEP*?

Carradine: That was with Basil Rathbone and Bela Lugosi. Poor Bela, he was nearly dead when we were doing that one, dope and alcohol, all to ease his pain, so he could go on working...very sad situation.

TMT: It was a good film.

Carradine: Wasn't much.

TMT: Tor Johnson was great in it.

Carradine: Yeah, the wrestler.

TMT: He was *The Swedish*



LONG JOHN CARRADINE LIVES...

Angel when he wrestled. He died recently.

Carradine: He was a gentle fellow too, very quiet.

TMT: He made a career out of playing giant moons.

Carradine: Well, I don't think he could do many other parts.

TMT: After years of waiting, I finally managed to catch a film of yours called *ASTRO ZOMBIES*.

Carradine: Awful. **TMT:** But it was a lot better than *HORROR OF THE BLOOD MONSTERS*.

Carradine: Terrible, awful films. You've seen all my bad ones, haven't you? I've done a lot

of terrible pictures.

TMT: But you always stand out in them. You always make them worth seeing.

Carradine: I've done my share of them, my share of garbage, more than my share.

TMT: You still do a lot of horror, a lot of low-budget horror flicks.

Carradine: They keep offering them to me. I do other things too. I've done maybe half a dozen great ones in my time.

TMT: *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*?

Carradine: That wasn't great. **TMT:** *GRAVES OF WRATH* was one of them.

TMT: What do you think of Kariolf?

Carradine: He was a fine actor.

TMT: Were you really offered the role of the creature in *FRANKENSTEIN*?

Carradine: I was. I turned it down. They wanted me in pounds of makeup, no dialogue. I wouldn't touch it.

TMT: But it made Kariolf's career, made him a star. Do you regret not taking it?

Carradine: Never regretted it, never. Kariolf didn't say it in public, but he bitterly resented being typed the way he was through his career.

TMT: A few years ago, there

Long John appears alternately displeased (left) and taken aback (above) by TMT reporter's penetrating queries. The habitually capabile Thespian expresses understandable concern over the roles he essayed in such low-grade fright efforts as *BUILT THE ID VES DRACULA* (1963) and *HORROR OF THE BLOOD MONSTERS* (1970). Let's hope the talented Long John fares better in future flicks.

was some publicity about a definitive *DRACULA* film that was supposed to be made.

Carradine: A company called Pergram Pictures wrote to me about it. I said I was interested, but nothing ever came of it.

TMT: Christopher Lee made a supposedly definitive film of *DRACULA*, but it got almost no release.

Carradine: (Laughs) Like some of my films.

TMT: 450 films. That's incredible. How did you get to do all those films?

Carradine: Well, I was never a star. I was the co-star, or featured.

TMT: But you've done some fabulous work in films.

Carradine: Well, you know what they say, "The stars get the people into the theater, and then we (co-stars) keep them there."

TMT: What do you think of *DEATH CORPS*?

Carradine: Could be a good one better than many that I've done lately.

Carradine: I'm the old man, the one who owns the boat.

TMT: You get killed by the zombies, like the rest of the cast.

Carradine: I'm used to dying in pictures.

TMT: You know, I'm one of the zombies. I was really hoping to kill you. That would have been it for me.

Carradine: (Laughs) But my death is unseen. I just float ashore. Nearly drowned doing it, too. I was wondering about your shaved head.

TMT: They wanted me to look different.

Carradine: (Laughs) David did the same thing for his show (Son David Carradine in *KUNG FU*).

TMT: It seems like the whole Carradine family is in the movies.

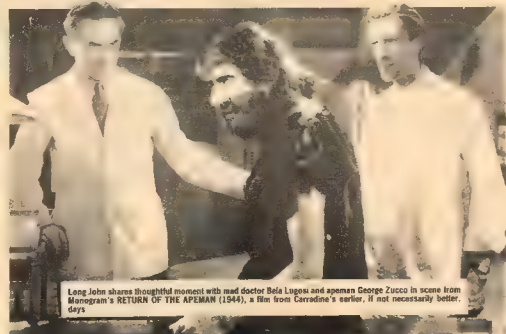
Carradine: Well, most of them. Damn tough business, but there's worse ways to make a buck.

TMT: I can't imagine a more fascinating way to make a living than in films.

Carradine: It's an interesting business.

Unfortunately, at this point, Carradine was called to shoot a scene, and our conversation came to an abrupt end.

TMT: I want to thank you for the time. You're a fabulous actor. I hope to see you in another 450 pictures, all of them horror. □



Long John shares thoughtful moment with mad doctor Bela Lugosi and ape-man George Zucco in scene from Mangham's *RETURN OF THE APE MAN* (1944), a film from Carradine's earlier, if not necessarily better, days.

HORROR THEMES FOR THE TAPING



Don Fellman, member in good standing of the TMT Horror Home Hobby staff, introduces a nefarious new pastime for fright film fanciers and monster music lovers—Horror Theme Taping. The possibilities of this rewarding pursuit are virtually limitless, as Mr. Fellman points out in the following...

For those who aren't yet aware of it, there is a rather interesting underground activity in Horror Fandom. The hipper variety horror fan has discovered the diverse and colorful world of Fantasy Film Music and, furthermore, that an untapped gold mine of it is there, for the taping, right in his or her own living room.

MUSIC BY TELEVISION

A non-stop supply of fabulous film-music is sent through the airwaves, daily, by local TV stations, during broadcasts of their horror movies. Secretly, young enthusiasts stand with tape recorders at the ready and big, sneaky facial grin of devilish pride and emphatic eagerness, as they await The Moment.

At a given signal (one the experienced tapper knows), a finger, held steadfastly on the starter button till the precise second, sets the machine in motion. One miraculous electronic device—a television receiver—used in connection with another—a tape recorder—have, with the aid of one conscientious horror fan, succeeded in capturing a valuable bit of audio horribleness for many more listenings to come.

HOW TO DO IT

For the benefit of possible newcomers to this horror hobby, I will herewith outline some of the basic rules, allowing them to enter the game on the level of the pros and start right off obtaining maximum enjoyment from the outset.

One does the taping, almost any recording device will do. Best would be a small reel-to-reel (for easy access to the tape) deal, with above-average musical-capturing abilities (if you can find such a thing in trying times like these). Set your mike very close to the speaker and keep TV at

you to avoid taping the program's theme every time, which can get very annoying on replays of the tape.

WHERE TO START?

Obviously, the first question the fledgling Horror Theme Collector is faced with is that of where to begin in this vast wilderness of monstrous music. By year? By composer? By specific musical mode (i.e., all space movie themes, all prehistoric films, etc.)? By series (all Franksteins, all Lagoon Creature entries)?

Variety being essential to good listening, such "concept" tapes are to be avoided. Rather, you

The Wolfman (Lon Chaney Jr.) wraps vengeance paw about The Creature (Don Megowan) upon discovering that the latter stole his theme music. In addition to surfacing in *REVENGE OF THE CREATURE*, THE WOLFMAN theme also showed up in the films of *DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN* and even *KING KONG VS. GODZILLA*.

Bela Lugosi shields visage from camera and graveyard grass reveals wooden floor beneath in a scene from Edward G. Wood's infamous *PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE*, a rarity long absent from New York TV stations and a sad howl-out for fans, who made his final screen appearance (a brief still-on-one) in the film.

natural volume (this minimizes "speaker hum").

NOISE ELIMINATION

To give your tapes a professional sound, eliminate "clicks" (from starting & stopping) by holding tape below the tape heads, loosely, in two fingers; turn on recorder with other hand and guide tape up into the track. A little practice and you'll master this technique.

TIMING IS IMPORTANT

Stations usually have special slots for their horror movies, which have a "theme" of their own. Familiarize yourself with this and the point at which it is usually stopped and the film's theme started. This will give you a handy signal and also enable

will find it best simply to tape most every monster-related theme as it comes your way, letting the Tana Leaves of Chance fall where they may. This is both the easiest way and the one that will prove most rewarding.

ALTERNATE

straight horror with horror/comedy; record closing themes separately, lest you find it difficult, in listening, to tell where themes leaves off and "closer" picks up.

DUPLICATIONS

It is at this point that you are hereby warned against duplicate themes. Studios, to save \$, have often used the same themes over for several different films. In most cases, the latter versions enjoy subtle differences, which we'll go into a bit later; but, in some rare instances, the original music is "duplicated." The theme of the film *KRONOS*, for example,

was duped for *TEENAGE ZOMBIES* and even the 1955 film *GODZILLA'S COUNTER-ATTACK* when it was later released in the U.S. as *CRANES THE FIRE MONSTER!*

"Duped" themes are merely low-quality copies and to be avoided if the originals are available. Similar instances: the second half of the theme to *FEND THAT WALKED THE WEST* is a (quality) dupe of that of *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*.

INVASION OF THE SCORE

SNATCHERS
A portion of the score of *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN* was reproduced, note for note, in the Czechoslovakian film *MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE*. A distinctive bit of background score (violins climbing the musical scale) originally heard in *THE WOLFMAN*, after much use in many universal films, "As" and



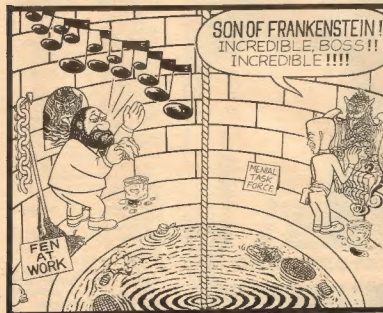
SON OF FRANKENSTEIN!
INCREDIBLE, BOSS!!
INCREDIBLE!!!!

A fan at heart, Hugo surprises Igor with a taste of classical music.

"Be" alike, surfaced in the U.I flick *REVENGE OF THE CREATURE*. Having become official "library music," it made a surprise appearance in *KING KONG VS. GODZILLA*! As an encore, I'll tell you that it also appears in *DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN*!

THE PROTOTYPE TERROR THEMES

As mentioned, the Big Themes have been oft-used in their time. A condensed version of the leading movement from the classical *Swan Lake* was utilized, by Universal, as the title theme of *DRACULA*. *THE MUMMY*, *MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE* and *MYSTERY OF THE BLUE ROOM*. The *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* theme was used in *BLACK DOLL* and at the climax of *THE INVISIBLE RAY* (parts of its score, as well as those of *THE WEREWOLF*



OF LONDON AND THE INVINCIBLE MAN, were used as background music for Universal's FLASH GORDON and BUCK ROGERS serials).

All theme collectors must be aware of the prototype themes. THE WOLFMAN was re-charted to a faster pace and used as the theme of THE MUMMY'S TOMB. The most spectacular re-charting history on record (unfortunately not the vinyl kind) was that of Frank Steiner's excellent theme for SON OF FRANKENSTEIN. Its first use was, predictably, as a subtly slowed-down main-titler on THE

New York fans, for example, lament the 8- or 9-year absence, from TV, of such films as THE MAD DOCTOR, RETURN OF THE APE AND PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE. They are, no doubt, running on TV stations elsewhere. Other ultra-rarities, like WHITE ZOMBIE, JUST IMAGINE, THE GHOUL, and SCARED TO DEATH, which ran at revival houses, film society meetings and other odd private screenings, are the exclusive of all but to some lucky monster fan fortunate enough to attend and have a small tape recorder along.

for its similar-sounding portions, the theme of the non-horror film LITTLE CAESAR. Having heard and grown to like both of the KONG film scores, you might be pleased to know of similar scores done at RKO by Max "Kong" Steiner's part-time imitator at the studio, Roy Webb: LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEY, and THE ADVENTURES OF MICHAEL STROGGO, all of which, by the way, contain actual portions of the original KONG score within their background music.

DIALOGUES & EXCERPTS
As a general rule, avoid long opuses of either score and/or dialogue—especially the latter: such tend to get tedious on replay. Try rereading them at a nominal, theme-length time of 2½ to 3 minutes. Not all film sequences are easy to catch, by the way, so it would be wise to note, on paper, at what point in the film come the scene or scene you wish to capture and thus be prepared when next the film appears.

OTHER USES
Beyond the untold hours of enjoyment, obvious from the descriptions herein, the value of theme-collecting does not end here! With all your incidentally-acquired knowledge of fear-film music, you are now, incidentally, a probable grand master at one of Underground Fandom's most celebrated and honored pastimes: well, have you figured it out yet?

Simply stated, this activity requires both the instant recognition of and the ability to simulate, vocally, with stark authenticity, any horror or sci-fi theme in existence (or an even 6-out-of-13, more or less edgewise).

If realized to its full potential, this vocal sport promises to be the biggest thing since rank-art contests. As the game develops and expert fans seek to bring the art to a higher plateau, teams will, no doubt, be formed to partake of rounds of NAME THAT TOMB. In some cases, several team members will join forces to simulate different parts of the orchestra. As you can see, there's no limit to the possibilities. Eventually, if the thing hasn't caught on nationally by that time, it will at least have worked its way above ground to become chapter one of a monster-con ritual. The First Annual Horror Theme Hum-Offs! □

THE GREAT KING KONG SOUNDTRACK DISASTER OR TWAS LeROY KILLED THE BEAST

BY ALLAN ASHERMAN

Ask any soundtrack collector to confirm that one of his dreams is to walk into a record shop and buy a soundtrack album to RKO's 1933 classic film, KING KONG. It's special because it's a special film. And its composer, Max Steiner, was a very special person to film music. Back when movies were still being made with re-orchestrated classical music, Steiner sat down and composed an original score, in which each character and happening had its own individual theme. He set a trend that is still being followed today.

Actually, there was a soundtrack to KING KONG, conducted by Steiner, but it was released only to radio stations on a set of 78 RPM discs that are worth their weight in gold records today. There was also an album called "Fifty Years of Movie Music" recorded in the 1950s and a recent selection of KONG music recorded in Britain by artist Charles Gerhardt, on RCA's "Now Voyager: The Classic Film Scores of Max Steiner."

Then came the news that there would be, at long last, a genuine album completely devoted to the background music from KING KONG. I was one of the millions who waited breathlessly.

Out on the West Coast, author Ray Bradbury was also waiting. But he had a special stake in this album, because KING KONG was the film that started him out on a beautifully unholy writing career that includes THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES, the screenplay for MOBY DICK and innumerable short stories. To repay his old pal KONG, Bradbury wrote the liner notes for the album. He praised the film, the soundtrack, Max Steiner and film music in general, but it is evident that his notes were written before he had a chance to listen to the album (it probably wasn't even produced yet). And herein lies the tragedy. Because Mr. Bradbury would probably be among the first to agree with the unpleasant fact that...

THIS ALBUM'S THE WORST!

Max Steiner, was a master orchestrator. He could manipulate the dozens of instruments in an orchestra so that you could no longer hear them individually; they would be one living thing, singing in an unearthly, bassy voice. When listening to KING KONG is vast and sweeping, you know you're in for one heck of an adventure. Steiner's strings swirled around

LeRoy Holmes conjures up the considerable wrath of a raging Kong when the latter lends a listen to the former's sacrilegious desecration of Max Steiner's soundtrack. (1960-61, 1962-63) music man Allan Asherman unfolds the whole sordid story below.



in an incredible, frenzied dance, and were ably supported by brass and woodwinds and wisely integrated drums. Well, so much for what could have been on this record. Under the stilted baton of LeRoy Holmes, the vastness is effectively swept under the record paltry. Although it opens promisingly (for all of 10 seconds), Holmes makes the music sound like it was meant to be played on the stage of Max O'Hara's Golden Safari Club.

The sacrifice of Roy Wray to Kong (god of special-effects people everywhere) was punctuated by music powerfully describing a huge wall, and a strong sense of terrible aloneness and terror. But not on this record, folks! LeRoy Holmes gives us classical xylophones instead of frenzied lyres. The snare drums don't make it, either—Gene Krupa does not belong on Skull Island.

Then there's the elevated train Holmes had the wisdom to know that trying to play this music without the hint of an elevated train effect would be disastrous. So he went and did it. But he must have been very worried about the ability to carry off this complex musical effect, for when he finally gives us the train music, he gets so carried away with it that he forgets when to stop!

Now we come to the last band of the record—the demise of KING KONG. Old Kong climbs to the top of the Empire State Building. Yay yay yay. The planes arrive, riddle him with bullets, and he falls. That's in the Max Steiner version of the music. But LeRoy Holmes sticks in a piano and a cematic horn flourish that interrupts the strings. We do not feel as if we're going up that building along with Kong. Those snare drums are weak, but when they come there should be cymbals, at the very end of the music, there are none.

What all this means is that this is a bad job, plain. And if misinterpreted by the record biggies, it may lead to unpleasant consequences.

And so, in closing, I present a written appeal to the record companies. Before making decisions on what's marketable and what isn't, please take a listen to the quality of the work, as well as the value behind it. If you do, hundreds of thousands of fans throughout the world may yet walk into a store someday and buy a quality rendition of the KING KONG background music. And, surely, we—and they—deserve no less. □



Editor is less-than-delighted to find copy-boy hard at least with theme hobby.

MUMMY'S HAND (it sounded very Egyptian and was a natural choice) . . . then, at a faster than normal speed, as the theme of HOUSE OF DRACULA. The composition was then reworked completely into a radically different piece of music and used for THE TOWER OF LONDON, THE MAD GHOUL, and MAD DOCTOR OF MARKET STREET. A total of six com-

ADVANCED THEME-COLLECTING

After several months of taping, you should have a large cross-section of horror music which includes must all the prototype themes, with which you will, by now, be quite familiar. You can now start adding the revised, "spin-off" versions. You also, in the course of your musical exposure, will probably have developed a taste for similar-sounding music. For example, you might, initially, have taped the fine theme of DEVIL BAT . . . then, a while later, recorded its re-charted brother, THE FLYING SERPENT. Now, you might go a step further and record, for example,

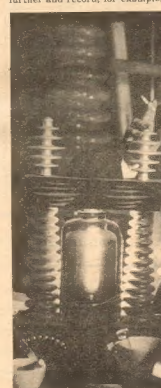


Len Chamey Jr., star of Universal's MUMMY series, rates these scores as resignation after unsuccessful attempt to get the re-charting record straight.

pletely unrelated (series-wise) Universal features. Columbia's exceedingly fine score for RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE did some returning of its own; the theme being used in CRY OF THE WEREWOLF, portions of the score turning up in some of the studio's mysteries and, much later, both the musical charts and the design for Matt Wilton werewolf make-up were lifted from the film for Sam (gasp) Katman's THE WERE-WOLF.

RARITIES

Though it will be quite a while before you run out of available themes to devour, you might, nonetheless, try to track down some of the elusive rarities sought by fans in other states and countries, with whom you chance to correspond by mail. While



The theme from BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN was re-used in BLACK TULIP, THE INVINCIBLE MAN and FLASH GORDON, while that of SON OF FRANKENSTEIN was reworked for THE MUMMY'S HAND, HOUSE OF DRACULA, THE MAD GHOUL, and MAD DOCTOR OF MARKET STREET, and part of THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN's score turned up in MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE. So who can blame Boris for looking confused?

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